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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE VOLCANIC . . . DISASTER.

SINCE Pompeii was overwhelmed in molten lava Nature has not produced a more terrible catastrophe than that which has overtaken the city of St. Pierre in the French colony of Martinique, one of the fringe of islands that shuts off the Caribbean Sea from the Atlantic. It is unlikely that we shall ever know exactly the number of the victims. The destruction has been so sudden, awful, and complete, that the slain can never be counted. A recently issued American atlas gives the population as 27,000, but this probably did not include residents in the suburbs, and an area with a radius of four miles lies blasted and desolate in fire and ashes. It is to be feared, therefore, that the later accounts, which estimate the number of deaths at 50,000, are not likely to be above the mark. As nearly fifty years have elapsed since Mont Pelée was in eruption, the coloured inhabitants had some reason to forget the dangerous position of the town. There were only about a thousand "more or less white." On Monday, May 5th, signs of activity were noticed in the crater, but they seem to have caused little alarm, as we hear nothing of flight from the doomed city. On Thursday the grumblings and mutterings of the preceding day culminated in a frightful explosion. For three minutes the volcano belched forth its terror of fire. Boiling mud, molten rocks, and thick dust producing the darkness of Erebus were showered down upon the doomed city and upon the ships in the harbour. The people must have been killed where they stood. Only a score managed to get away. Those on sea were not more fortunate than those on land. Lloyd's agent at St. Thomas, in one of the brief but pregnant messages which give all we know of the calamity, says: "St. Pierre totally destroyed by fire. All perished. All vessels

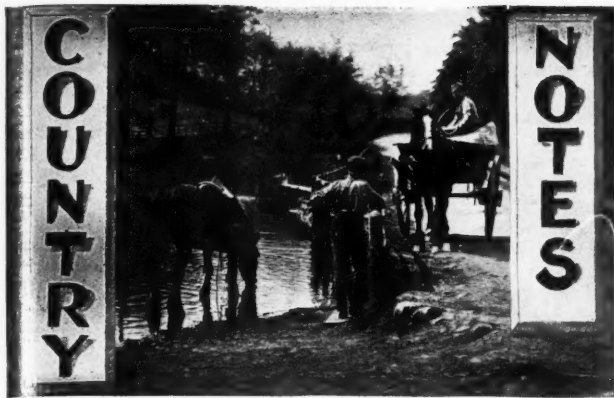
lost. Grappler and Roraima (steamers belonging to the Quebec and Gulf Ports Steamship Company) took fire in port and became a total loss." The commander of the Suchet, who brought off the few who escaped, describes the scene as "a whirlwind of fire," and adds that "instantly the whole town was in flames, and ships were dismantled and burned. The shower of rocks lasted a quarter of an hour."

Only from scraps of information can we try to picture the scene of which it is too mournfully evident that particulars never can be forthcoming. Two English vessels were in the port, and one of them, the Roddam, made a determined effort to escape. She had swiftly cut her anchor chain and run for it, but one of the survivors describes what he saw as "a glimpse of hell." Some of the crew, either in an access of terror or hoping to escape the falling rocks, leaped overboard and perished. The captain is now in hospital, and all his officers and more than half of his men are dead. Only two individuals have escaped uninjured. And at the time of writing the eruption still continues, and Mont Pelée, out of his giant throat, is pouring lava over the surrounding country, no doubt to the terror of others, especially Fort de France. The latter is only ten miles from St. Pierre, and is by title capital of the island, though St. Pierre was the centre of its industrial enterprise. In sympathy with Pelée others of that volcanic group of islands between Antigua and Grenada have become active, and we especially regret to see that the double-cratered La Soufrière has been showering death upon St. Vincent, whence 300 deaths have already been reported. There the eruption began with a terrific report as of artillery, and then in darkness and to the accompaniment of thunder and a downpour of dust it proceeded. At Barbadoes, 100 miles away, the ground and houses and trees are covered an inch thick with dust. These islands owe their origin to seismic forces, and have always been subject to disasters similar to this one, the earliest recorded being that in 1692, when 3,000 persons were killed, and Port Royal, in Jamaica, was destroyed, but in the past they have witnessed nothing so horrible as this. Already we know enough to see that it stands out as one of the most awful visitations that have come upon the world, and we fear that when the facts are more fully known the damage will be found to be still more extensive than has yet been guessed. The most destructive of all elements has created a record for itself.

Under the circumstances much sympathy will be felt with France, which is described as being simply stunned by the news. She has not many colonies, and this was one of the most prosperous of her possessions, it having weathered the general West Indian depression more successfully than its neighbours. Most of the white inhabitants of the town were from France, only a very few Englishmen—not half-a-dozen in all, it is said—living in the town. The calamity is therefore bound to cause much sadness in France. And apart from the English wish to share the feelings of our nearest neighbour, we cannot forget our own connection with these islands. They were the theatre of many a tough fight in the eighteenth century, and Martinique has flown the English flag on several occasions. Some of us have learned at least a little about the island from following the adventures of Rodney. In modern times the destruction of St. Pierre has had nothing to parallel it, unless it be the violent explosion that took place at Krakatoa nearly twenty years ago, when that extraordinary mountain flung itself into the sea, raised two new islands in the ocean, and by these abnormal proceedings succeeded in creating a wave that played havoc on the low-lying shores of Java and Sumatra. On that occasion it was reckoned that close on 30,000 lives were lost. It happened, however, that the destruction was spread over a wide area. What makes the disaster to St. Pierre so awful is that it took place within a space comparatively so small. It has been said that Nature with her little blades of grass and little grains of dust overwhelms all things in time; she has swept away past people, and past civilisations, leaving only a ruin here, a slight indication there, to indicate what had been. To-day we puzzle over the very sites of towns that once esteemed themselves centres of the universe. And properly considered the slow obliteration of man and his handiwork is perhaps the most awful and solemn fact in existence, but it goes on silently and unnoticed. But when Nature in one day blots out a city as effectually as a thousand years of oblivion would have done, the imagination is struck and the whole world becomes once more "the insubstantial pageant of a dream."

Our Portrait Illustrations.

OUR frontispiece this week is Lady Sinclair, wife of Sir J. R. G. Sinclair, D.S.O. of Dunbeath, seventh Baronet, and she was the daughter of Colonel W. M. Dunbar, of the 24th Regiment. Sir John and Lady Sinclair's home is Barrock House, Wick. Elsewhere will be found a portrait of Miss Myrtle Farquharson.



IT would be difficult to draw a more striking contrast than that between the coronation ceremony taking place in Madrid this week and that which we are looking forward to in London next month. Alfonso XIII. can number sixteen years, and if the figures be reversed you get the age of our King. He is called upon to rule a nation once the greatest in Europe, but now in decay, though we all hope the salutary measures instituted during the reign of his short-lived father will revive something of the proud strength of the Spain of bygone years. After the death of his illustrious mother, Edward VII. is called upon to rule an Empire in the full flush and glory of its strength, wide beyond the dreams of any Alexander, Cæsar, or Napoleon, great as was no nation of the past—not Assyria, not Greece, not imperial Rome. Alfonso belongs to the Latin race, which everywhere shows signs of degeneracy; Edward to the eager, victorious Anglo-Saxon. We think of these things simply because they are thrust upon our attention, but the very kindness of our feeling for Spain is proof enough that the spirit of the prayer "Lest we forget" permeates England, which has more than once had its own times of storm and strife and gloom.

General satisfaction will be felt at the acceptance by the Prince of Wales of the presidency of the Royal Agricultural Society for the ensuing year. His Royal Highness possesses the tastes of his family for rural pursuits, and at any time would most worthily fill this position; but there is a special fitness in his holding it during the first exhibition held in the new permanent showyard in London. We all wish that his presidency will bring the same good luck to Twyford that it did to Manchester in 1897. The Royal is entering upon a great experiment in holding its shows continuously in London, instead of in a series of provincial centres, and we all know the importance of a good send-off. There seems no sufficient reason why the Royal show should not be as successful in London as the other shows held there, such as the Shire Horse Show, the Dairy Show, and the Fat Cattle Show. Perhaps, however, it would be well to hold it fairly early in the London season, so as to make a visit to it as convenient as possible for those who under any circumstances would be thinking of coming to town.

We have previously refrained from expressing even a word of sympathy with the people of Holland, lest ill news should come to hand before the words got into print. At last, however, we are glad to think the reasons for anxiety, if they have not wholly disappeared, have at least dwindled to a mere shadow of what they were. As we write Queen Wilhelmina is doing so well that the doctors are reported to have said there will be no need to issue further bulletins. As in a peculiar sense the hopes of a nation are centred on her, there is much in addition to the amiable character that has made her so beloved to make us rejoice at her recovery. Luckily she is still at an age of youth and vigour when, the crisis of an illness being passed, there is every chance of a full restoration to health.

The cheque-tax has gone by the board, regretted by none, or by very few. In fact, as we said from the beginning, it was a complete and not very wise mistake. The *Times* is very severe on the subject, pointing out how absurd it is for men in general to have grumbled so fiercely about a tax which would have cost them at most but a few shillings, whereas they make very little fuss about the increase in the income-tax, which will cost them a great deal more. The criticism seems to us to omit to give full value to human nature. To the end of time men will resent petty annoyances bitterly, while they will bear serious imposts philosophically, if not cheerfully, so long as the return for them is substantial; and the revolt against the cheque-tax is really nothing more than a new illustration of a well-known truth.

Quite suddenly the peace outlook in South Africa has become involved in clouds. According to all early information

the Boers were sincerely desirous of coming to terms, but now several newspapers that profess to speak with authority put forward exactly opposite views. They assert that the first offer of Schalk Burger and his colleagues was simply to revert to the state before the war, as if we ought to accept for our outlay in blood and treasure certain concessions about the franchise. On receiving Lord Kitchener's curt negative they seem to have pleaded want of authority, on which he very properly informed them that they would not be allowed to return to Pretoria unless possessed of full powers. What it all means one finds it difficult to determine. The Boers are a slim, haggling, bargaining race, and the minimum they are prepared to accept could never be judged from the maximum they demand. In spite of the pessimism that is beginning to prevail, and the very depressing rumours that have got about, it would not be at all surprising if in the end terms were agreed upon. When men who for three years have sworn they would never surrender come into their enemy's camp asking what inducements they are offered to eat their words, it looks very like as if they had virtually thrown up the sponge, however loud their professions may be.

Six thousand pounds still are wanting to make up the sum of twenty thousand or so that is needed to fit out the relief vessel on which Captain Scott and his companions of the Discovery, on the Antarctic expedition, are relying to bring them provisions and news from the greater world outside the ice. In the *Times* of May 10th appeared a letter of eloquent appeal from Sir Clements Markham, President of the Royal Geographical Society, for funds to make up the deficiency. There is not a doubt that his appeal will evoke generous response. That faith should be broken with men who have gone forth on such an enterprise of risk and hardship, for the service of the nation, of science, and of the world, is wholly unthinkable; but the deficiency exists, the ship should be despatched in June, and the time is short. It is a moment when the demands that the public service makes on the people are many and weighty, but even amidst them all this is a demand of a kind that cannot be overlooked.

The vigour with which Mr. Hanbury is taking up the work of his Department is very pleasing to all who in any way are connected with the land. Last Saturday he expressed to a meeting of Yorkshire farmers what has often been said here in regard to the rural exodus, viz., that it is in part due to our system of education. It should be clearly understood, however, that to education in itself he has no objection, but on the contrary is its warm advocate. No hind ever ploughed a crooked furrow merely because of knowledge. But our system most emphatically does not educate rustic children. It only fills their minds with a certain number of facts or names of facts from books, and the universal opinion both of the boys and girls is that they are not made in the slightest more intelligent by attendance at the Government schools. What we want is less formula and more open-air, less rote-work and more training of eye and hand; in a word, real and not sham knowledge. We can only wish more power to Mr. Hanbury's elbow when we find that he is determined to impress this wholesome doctrine on the Government of which he is a part.

Few men of the day have more thoroughly deserved to have an obituary written for them in the pages of *COUNTRY LIFE* than Mr. Morton, late Secretary to the Department of Agriculture under Mr. Cleveland. He had a passion for planting trees, and instituted the American Arbor Day—an institution so much needed in England, and now being experimentally tried by several of our counties. Tristram Shandy—or was it his father?—used to hold that every man owed three duties to posterity—to plant a tree, to dig a well, and beget a son. Mr. Morton fulfilled the first of these many times over. He had "plant trees" engraved on the notepaper he used on his Nebraska estate, and in season and out of season he preached this duty. But the Year Book of his Department remains to show that he was much more than a faddist, since under his influence it became one of the most practical and useful publications of its kind. And even of his hobby it should be said that it was much needed. The United States had acted the part of Prodigal Son with its timber supply, as if a nation were imbued with the ideal of the backwoodsman who went into rapture on first beholding a treeless Irish bog. That to him was the height of civilisation.

The example set by Sir Alfred Jones may be heartily recommended to others connected with the great shipping industry of this country. He is head of the well-known firm of Elder, Dempster, and Co., and he has written to the *Times* *à propos* of the Rhodes bequest to say that to aid the scheme he "will give a free passage backwards and forwards from any colonial port served by my firm's steamers to both Jamaican and Canadian scholars once a year during the tenure of their scholarship." The condition made is the most reasonable one that the applicants should be domiciled in the Colonies. Since

a youth might be qualified to claim a scholarship by having colonial parents, who, nevertheless, might have returned and be resident in Great Britain, Sir Alfred confines his offer to those actually living in Canada and Jamaica. He hopes that his example will be followed by shipowners trading to other colonies, so that it may thereby be made universal. It certainly offers a most effective means of giving practical application to the wishes of Mr. Rhodes. Out of an endowment of £900 for five years it would scarcely be possible for the student with no other pecuniary resources to make once in twelve months a journey costing from forty to a hundred pounds.

A return which has recently been made shows that of the messengers, porters, and attendants in the Houses of Parliament, nine only are men who have been employed in the Army. This, distinctly, is not as it should be. Those persons who, like Sir Edward Walter, have devoted a large part of their lives to finding employment for old soldiers, are well aware that, whereas on the one hand recruiting is checked by the general knowledge that old soldiers are frequently out of employment, so, on the other hand, it is an undoubted fact that the vast majority of old soldiers are not useful servants in the ordinary sense of the word. But there are certain employments for which they are fitted better than any other men; and the occupations of messengers, porters, and the like in the Houses of Parliament are precisely the right kind for discharged soldiers. If they are neglected there it is distinctly unreasonable to blame private individuals for their neglect of those who have served their country.

The deaths of M. Severo and his engineer must have been a heartrending sight to Madame Severo and the other members of the balloonist's family who had gathered to witness the flight of the Pax. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that those intent on developing aerial navigation will not allow themselves to be discouraged by this event. Before perfection or anything like it is obtained we may expect to hear of more mishaps of the same kind. Those who suffer are martyrs in the cause of science. Long after railways had been established as working concerns the annual death-roll used to be a long one, and he who essays to make a path in mid-air attempts a feat more dangerous than if he had only tried to do something on *terra firma*. In this case, however, it does not appear that the aerial character of the experiment was answerable for the catastrophe, which seems to have been caused in the first instance by a leakage of gas, which, catching fire at the motor, led to ruin and destruction. So far, M. Santos-Dumont has been lucky to escape any similar accident, and we hope he will be spared to see his invention a practical and commercial success. All the same, it is most sad for M. Severo to have been cut off at the very moment when he hoped to have astonished and delighted the world with a fine aerial flight.

Incidentally, the disaster in Martinique has led to discussion of the wrong use of the word "Creole," which is very frequently employed by loose writers when mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, or any word implying mixed blood ought to be used, and a correspondent of the *Standard* writes to complain of such a misuse of the term in the leading columns of that journal. There is no doubt whatever that in the West Indies and in Spanish America, when the word originally came into use, it was employed to distinguish native-born persons of European blood from European immigrants and from coloured natives, whether of pure or of mixed blood. It is, therefore, very natural that the true Creole should resent a mistake, which is, however, so universal, not only in the West Indies, but also in Mauritius, that it has almost ceased to be a mistake, and has nearly been sanctioned by usage.

The annual report of the Zoological Society just issued shows that a very miscellaneous list of animals produced young in the gardens, but the results confirmed previous experiences as to what animals can be kept and will reproduce themselves in very ordinary conditions. Among them are the yak, the burrhel wild sheep and Barbary wild sheep—which had three and four lambs respectively—and the thar, which is on the border line between the sheep and the goat. The deer of Asia and America which produced young were also those which recent years have shown can be established in outdoor life in our parks. They include the wapiti, the Japanese deer, and the Indian jungle stag or axis; and also two others which are far less common. These are the Duke of Bedford's deer and the attai deer or Asiatic wapiti. The society has spent no less than £4,000 on building a new and solid house of brick for the large apes. The building will give ample space for exhibiting these animals, and we presume that the authorities have taken the advice of specialists in tuberculosis, which is the malady that takes off most of the larger monkeys; otherwise nothing would seem more likely to propagate it than this large and closely covered ape-house.

The wanderings of animals and plants are sometimes accidental, sometimes due to man's agency. A curious instance came to light recently in which both causes had been at work. A naturalist at the Cape caught a large goat moth, and, being surprised at finding this creature so far from its known home, sent it home to England. It turned out to be an ordinary goat moth, and the question was, how did it get to the Cape? The answer is, probably in some timber for the mines. The caterpillar lives for years inside the wood of trees, usually of the willow, and this big moth, as a good many other adventurous voyagers to the Cape do, went out a grub and came back a "butterfly," or next door to one. The importation of this insect into South Africa would be most regrettable. Willows are the commonest of all the trees of the veldt, being planted by the Dutch near the farms and dams, which they shade, and by which they are supplied with moisture. The goat moth caterpillars will riddle the whole trunk of a big willow as though with auger holes, causing the death of the tree. Incidentally it is an enemy to the game of cricket, for fine old willows suitable for making bats are destroyed in considerable numbers by the grubs.

There always is an element of excitement about excavating work. One never knows what buried treasures the next stroke of the pick may discover. Lately, in course of laying out the comparatively new golf green at Sunningdale, a mound was removed which discovered itself, from its contents, to be an ancient burial tumulus. Within were found a number of funeral urns, seventeen in all, containing calcined bones, and also a heap of ashes not deposited in urns. The urns are said by the learned to be of early British, pre-Roman, make. There were no weapons in the mound by which the date could be fixed, but by the manner in which the urns were disposed, by the shape of the tumulus, and by evidences of the existence of a village community, it is inferred that the tumulus belongs to the Bronze age. The urns have been distributed to the British Museum, to the Reading and Oxford Museums, and to the Louvre. The site of this ancient sepulture is now transformed into a teeing ground. *Absit omen*. Of a far later date is some pottery that was lately exhumed in course of the excavations in the churchyard of St. George-the-Martyr in Southwark. Though now used for burial purposes, the fragments of pottery and terra-cotta give no evidence, as in the Sunningdale instance, that the ground was so used in former times. The pottery is said to be Roman, but the terra-cotta cannot be earlier than the time of Henry VIII., when the art of monumental terra-cotta work first was brought to England. There was a house on this spot called Suffolk House, built by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, in Henry VIII.'s reign, and the inference is that these fragments were some of the jetsam of this old Suffolk House.

A very curious action was *Euth v. Ellis*, which raged around a copy of "Frezzi il Quataregio," printed in Florence in 1508, and one of five copies of the work extant. It was bought by the late Mr. Huth from the late Mr. Ellis for £63 in 1875. The plaintiff's case, which, according to the judge, was established, was that on the death of Mr. Huth, Mr. Ellis was employed to catalogue his library for the purpose of a sale, that he expressed a wish to repurchase the book for the original price, took it away on loan, and then sold it to a stranger for 500 guineas. Now, the position is that Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady has ordered the return of the book (which is impossible), and is prepared to order an enquiry as to damages if the book is not returned. It is really rather hard to see how the enquiry can be necessary, for surely what the representatives of the late Mr. Ellis will have to pay will be 500 guineas and costs.

The cuckoo is a bird whose ongoings are a standing puzzle to naturalists, and those who are interested in the subject will find a most curious paper by Mr. Westall in the current number of *Nature Notes*. It gives an account of the experiments made by Mr. Craig, which show that the instinctive desire of the bird to eject its foster-brother from the nest is much stronger than used to be believed. Two cuckoo eggs were placed in the same nest, and the fight that ensued after the chicks were hatched reads like an account of champions wrestling. The instinct is a most singular one, and according to Mr. Craig was manifested before the birds were twenty hours old. A difficulty to any clear understanding of its development is the fact that it is not possessed by the cuckoos of all countries, some taking to themselves wives, mating, and nesting in the orthodox fashion without their young displaying the insensate cruelty with which we are familiar.

America has lost two of her writers within a day or two of each other. The name of Bret Harte is too familiar to everyone and too great a favourite for his loss not to be deplored over most of the Old World as well as the New. Paul Leicester

Ford was not so well known in this country, but his life was a more tragic one, as has been his death. The author was a cripple, only about four feet in height, while the brother who took his life was a well-known athlete. Such a deed could hardly be perpetrated by a man in his right mind, and the friends of Malcolm Ford appear to be of that opinion, since the brothers after all are laid in one grave.

The Epping Forest excursionists have been deprived for some time, it seems, by the Essex County Council from indulging

in warbling on their homeward way from scenes of enjoyment in the Forest. They have at last rebelled, and the Epping Forest Excursions Defence Committee has prepared a petition, which is being widely signed, against the bye-law prohibiting singing or performance on musical instruments in brakes and other vehicles taking pleasure parties to and from the Forest. While our sympathies may be with the quieter parties who enjoy a song or music in the open air, the terrible noise that some of the merrier brakeloads make is certainly such as needs some prohibitive measure.

RACING NOTES.

THE attendance at Chester was by no means up to the average, in spite of the fact that large house parties came from Eaton, Knowsley, and several other neighbouring houses. The chief cause of the diminution undoubtedly was the weather, which during the greater part of the time was vile. Hail, sleet, and rain made the early mornings very unpleasant, and although the sun came out at intervals, many were deterred from making a start. The lamented death of that good sportsman, Mr. Corbet, induced some to stay away from the meeting altogether, and seriously thinned the attendance on the Cup Day, when his funeral took place.

The principal feature of the first day was the match between Verglas, ridden by Halsey, and the St. Ursula filly, ridden by Morny Cannon. A better-contested finish it would be impossible to see, the verdict being in doubt up to the last moment. The St. Ursula filly, as at Newmarket, was very fractious at the start.



W. A. Rouch.

CONGRATULATION PARADING.

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and in consequence had a lot of ground to make up when both got settled down in their stride.

In the Wynnstay Handicap Lord Derby's Andrea Ferrara, a son of St. Frusquin, was well served by the inside berth, and won a very interesting race from Mr. Musker's McYardley. The Roodee is a capital course for spectators, as on such a confined space the horses are never very far off, but the results are in most cases

largely influenced by the draw for places, and the form is therefore not so reliable as on straight courses like Newmarket. The management have done all that money and experience can effect both for the track and for the comfort and convenience of visitors, and thoroughly deserve the success which has attended their efforts in recent years.

The runners for the Chester Cup numbered sixteen, as was the case last year, and quality was well represented, many of the competitors, such as Congratulation, Sweet Sounds, Champagne,



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THE COUNTY STAND.

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and St. Aldegonde, having recently won over a distance of ground. Carabine, who proved the winner, had not been seen out since he won at Manchester in the waning days of last season. Champagne and St. Aldegonde shared favouritism at 11 to 2, while the winner started at 100 to 15, a number of the others being backed in smaller sums. Congratulation, who had the advantage of the services of J. H. Martin, drew the outside berth, and, very wisely, was pushed along till she was able before the second turn was reached to take a place on the rails with a long lead; but these tactics did not serve her in the end,



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HULCOT LEADS THE PARADE.

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for Sweet Sounds led into the straight followed by St. Aldegonde and Carabine, victory remaining with the latter after a severe set-to between the three. The winner, in addition to his staying power, derived presumably from his sire Carbine, showed a considerable turn of speed, which may fairly be attributed to his great-grandsire, that very speedy horse Springfield.

The rest of the racing on the Cup Day calls for no special comment beyond observing that the victory of the Duke of Westminster's horse, Just Cause, in the Roodeye Plate was obviously very popular with the good people of Chester. On the last day the Dee Stakes gave an exciting race, the favourite, King's Limner, coming into the straight in a manner which gave

weight without wasting, he had a cool head, and was above all things a consummate judge of pace.

No light was thrown on the form for the classic events during the meeting, but we were introduced to a very promising two year old in Alderman, who was just beaten by the Fledgling filly after getting badly away and running rather greenly. It was his first attempt, and the way he ran his race out at the finish—he was only beaten by a head—gives great promise for the future.

There was good racing at Cork Park on Tuesday and Wednesday, and a great crowd attended, Cork being very full of visitors, attracted by the Exhibition. The Shandon Two Year Old Plate of 1,000 sovs. was won by Mr. Parkinson's Fame and Fortune from a field of eleven. That good-looking horse, Thomondgate, won the Southern Hurdle Plate of 500 sovs. with great ease from Strelma, to whom he was giving 4lb. Mr. Widger scored in another plate worth £500 with Sunny Shower.

Rumour has been very busy with the reported offer of almost fabulous sums for Sceptre, but Mr. Sievier has not up to now yielded to temptation, though that temptation has been very great. It is much to be hoped that he will continue to resist, for since he has turned his attention to the owning and training of horses, he has

achieved a measure of popularity with the public which he certainly did not enjoy when only known as a large bettor. He has run his horses in a thoroughly sportsmanlike and straightforward way, and his success at Epsom would be very well received by all classes of racing men.

Speculation during the week has been of an unsatisfactory nature, due mainly to early backers trying to get out of what appear to be very bad bargains, but the market is a cramped one, and the ring were more occupied with the Jubilee Handicap than with the Derby. In the Oaks, Glass Jug and St. Windeline are sure to command a great number of supporters, who have doubts as to any filly, however good, bringing off the quadruple event.

Derby sweeps are in full swing at most clubs, and are as popular as ever, but they have never in this country attained anything like the popularity they enjoy in Australia, where "Tattersall's Sweeps" have been an institution for many years, against which various Governments have struggled in vain. Promoted by one George Adams, a Sydney publican and bookmaker, they grew by leaps and bounds until there were on the Melbourne Cup three series—the first of 100,000 tickets at £1, the second of the same number of tickets at 10s., and the third of 200,000 tickets at 5s. To counteract this gigantic gamble, the Federal Postmaster, with the consent of the Legislature, has taken the extreme step of confiscating all letters addressed to Mr. George Adams. What they do with his ordinary correspondence has not yet transpired.

At Kempton, where His Majesty was present on both days, Ard Patrick was set a severe task in giving 21lb. to Royal Ivy, and failed to achieve success. Many good judges were of opinion that he did not make a very determined effort. Anything that beats Sceptre will undoubtedly have to "try," so if Ard Patrick's weak point is a disinclination to try, he has little chance in the Derby. Port Blair was suffering from a jarred knee, like so many competitors at the last meeting at Newmarket, otherwise he would have done duty for the Beckhampton stable.

The weather was bright, if rather chilly, on Saturday, and



W. A. Rouch.

PARTHIAN II. AND WARGRAVE IN FRONT.

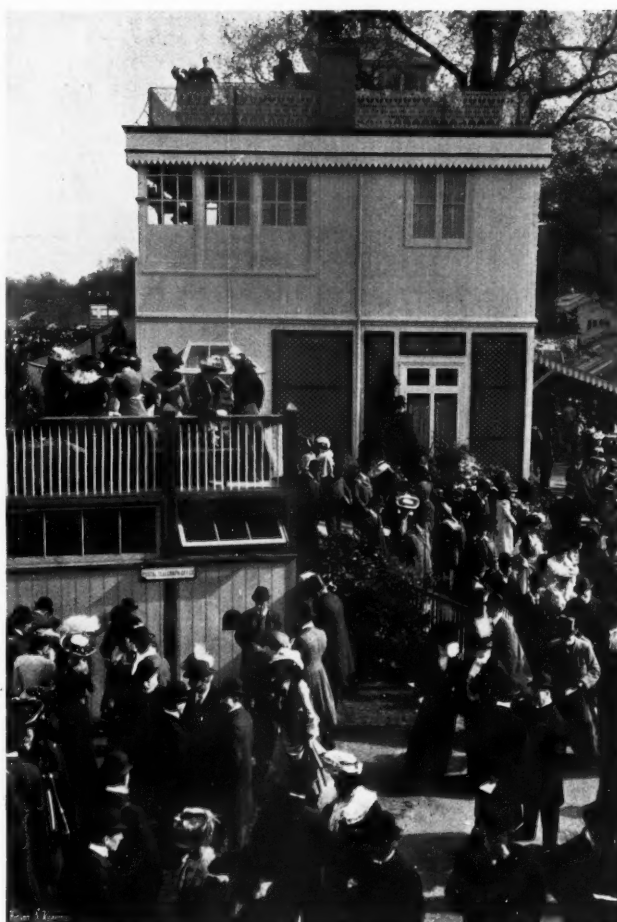
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his backers every confidence, but Cannon came with a rush on Throwaway, and snatched the race out of the fire, as he has so often done before. It is a real pleasure to see a horse ridden with the elegant seat of a master like Cannon winning in these days of jockeys who claw and scramble all over their horses. Every boy who can climb along his horse's neck seems to think he is Tod Sloan; and although that undeniably great horseman did teach our riders a good deal, it was by no means from his crouching style of riding that the whole of his success was derived. He had great experience, he was a man riding a boy's

the stands and enclosures at Kempton held their usual crowd when the horses paraded for the Jubilee Handicap. The Solicitor was favourite at 4 to 1, and for a long way he flattered his backers, but at the turn for home he was done with, and Royal George, who has more than once disappointed his friends, established a long lead, and though Wargrave made a gallant effort, he was unable to get up to him. Wargrave's performance was a very meritorious one, and establishes his position as a real good horse; he must be taken into consideration by backers on future occasions. MENDIP.

FROM THE PAVILION.

THE Australian eleven, after they had gone through the preliminary test of a couple of matches, were naturally the main topic of pavilion conversation. Their first appearance, in the match with London County, did not reveal much more than that the bowling seemed respectable, and that several of the men, Darling, Trumper, and Gregory in particular, had a talent for forcing the game when necessary; but as the match was played, the London County Cricket Club certainly had the best of matters and would probably have won. Against Notts, however, the side, as a side, showed greatly improved form, especially with the bat, for it was a big thing to net nearly 500 runs when three of the cracks, Hill, Gregory, and Noble, practically failed. The Notts performance was, however, a bad one—that is, in the second innings, for the first display of batting was quite satisfactory, especially that of the veteran Shrewsbury, who is as near to fifty years as he is to forty-five. The collapse came in the second innings, when Armstrong was allowed to get eight wickets for as few as forty-seven runs on a pitch that is described as a "batsman's paradise." One is forced to one of two conclusions, either that the county batting was far below the standard, or that Armstrong is a far better bowler than we have been given to understand. It may be that he was having one of those delightful "days out" which fall occasionally to the lot of the man who is confessedly not in the first rank; if so, there is nothing more to be said about the county and its batting, though one would have expected the side to be able to make the 200 runs which, taking the time into consideration, would have at least saved the match. The long Australian total hardly came as a surprise, seeing that the Notts bowling of to-day falls far short of what it was in the palmy eras of the Shaws, Martin McIntyre, Attewell, Morley, etc. Darling has the honour of the first century,



W. A. Rouch.

THE ROYAL BOX.

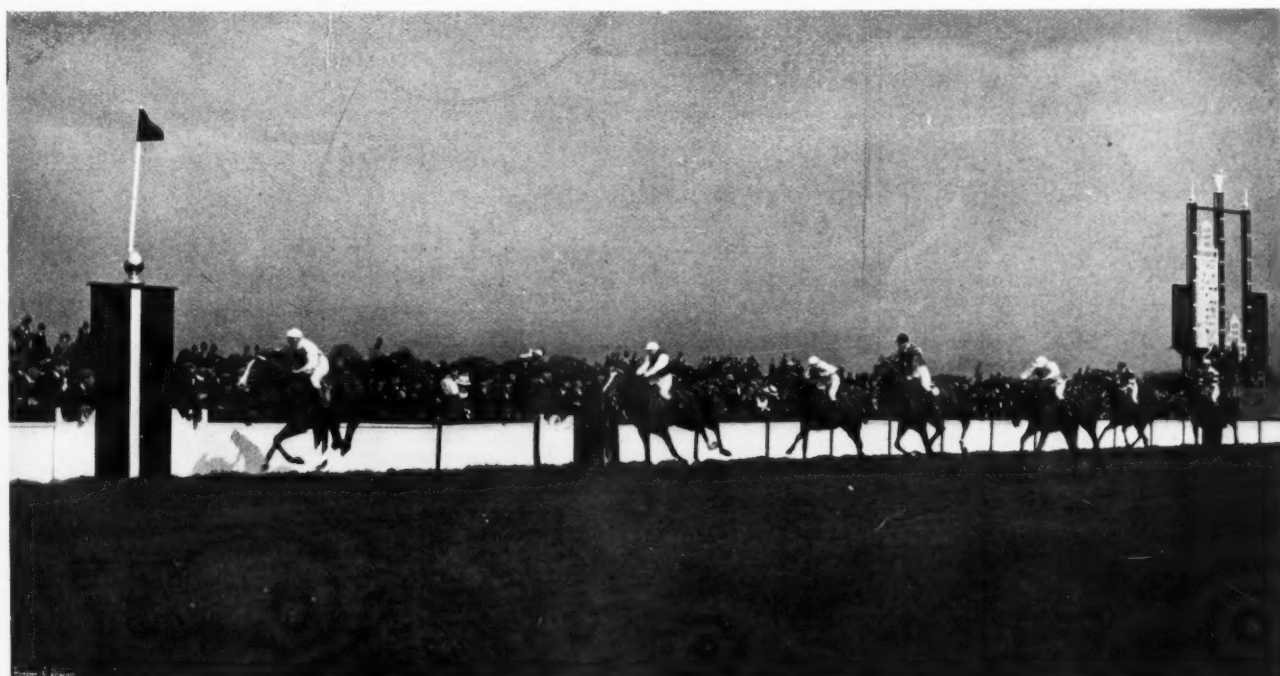
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but was missed several times, the credit of the best innings going to Hopkins, whose batting was as much a revelation as was Armstrong's ingenious bowling. With Trumble back, a considerable element of strength will be added to the trundling, but one hears that his thumb will not be well for several weeks.

It was quite refreshing to see the veterans Grace and Murdoch enjoy themselves at Lord's at the expense of the Lancashire bowling, which, however, looked more steady than deadly. However, the two old gentlemen treated it in the most festive fashion, and quite after their old style, Murdoch showing all his ancient skill on the off-side, and reproducing his old glide to leg, while "W.G." hammered the ball with much elephantine vigour, on one occasion so vigorously as to send it clean over the Grand Stand, though it must be confessed that the wickets were pitched quite high up the ground. I may add in this connection that Jones, the Australian bowler, made a monstrous hit at Nottingham, the ball travelling 126 yds. from bat to pitch.

Another notable feat was the 101 not out made by F. S. Jackson against Essex. The Leyton wicket was not in the ragged state to which rain sometimes reduces it—perhaps the M.C.C. note as to the preparation of grounds may help to account for this—for last year this identical match was played out in a single day. Last week the game was unfinished, however, but it was pleasant to see how the Harrow and Cambridge cricketer had managed to keep up his form amid the alarms and excursions of war. His first innings last year, played at his first return from South Africa, was also a century, and was made during the Scarborough Week. He was mis-ed once, fairly early in his innings, as was Darling at Nottingham, while similar misfielding probably cost Warwickshire the Surrey match, drawn instead of won. There is much in what "Jack" Shuter said at the Oval: "What we want is a team that doesn't miss catches." Warwickshire had scored very consistently and freely against the Surrey bowlers, whose attack was anything but strong.

Cambridge beat Leveson-Gower's team quite handsomely, *i.e.*, by seven wickets. Fry, the Cheltenham freshman, had the pleasure of making a century in his first match for his Varsity, and Elden, an Eton man who never got his school colours, had the even greater satisfaction of getting three figures in his very first big match. His pace was very slow, however, and did not contrast well with Fry's vigour. Dowson, of the old hands, also played capitally, the bowling honours going mainly to Wilson, the captain, and McDonnell the Wykehamist freshman. It seems probable that Cambridge will have a more than averagely good side this year, but it does not necessarily follow that they will therefore beat Oxford, whom we shall see—I should write shall have seen with regard to the time of my writing—put to the test on Monday, opposing a similar side under the same captain. I note that Evans, the Malvernian "fresher," who had not been showing much form previously, played two splendid innings of



W. A. Rouch.

ROYAL GEORGE WINS.

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over 80 apiece in the Twelve v. Sixteen match. Also I note with congratulations to Derbyshire that a Derby man, resident in Sydney, has made the club the magnificent donation of 500 guineas. What with this gift and the surplus proceeds of the bazaar, the county should be able to take the field with a light heart, at least as far as matters fiscal are concerned. W. J. FORD.

ON THE GREEN.

ST. ANDREWS medal day always has the worst possible character for the villainy of the weather that attends it. The latest spring medal day has supported this character to the full, and yet there was satisfaction to be derived from a perusal of weather reports in other parts of the country. The East Neuk of Fife was at least not afflicted with a snowstorm on May 7th, and that is more than can be said of certain places that hold the climate of the East Coast in high derision. If, however, there was no snowstorm, there was little else lacking to fill the category of vile weather samples. The early starters—the scratch players by the latest, and on the whole beneficent, arrangement now start before the less ambitious portion of the field—had some sun, but the wind was strong from the north. Later the wind blew stronger, and instead of the sun there were cold showers. The more boisterous wind no doubt made increased trouble for the possible medal winners who were out after noon, but a little wet on the putting greens would help to hold the ball, which might have been very hard to control before. Mr. Maxwell, who held this first medal of the Royal and Ancient Club's spring meeting last year—indeed, he won both spring and autumn medals—put in a score that, considering the distressfulness of the wind, looked quite as if it ought to be good enough to win. His 82, with a very good second half, was made by real sound golf. But it was rather the day for the strong man and the big driver. Mr. Maxwell answers to this description, but among the later starters of the scratch players was one who perhaps fited in with it even better—Mr. Edward Blackwell. He had the worst of the weather so

far as the more boisterous wind and the showers, instead of the sun, could make it worse than it was, but probably his strong driving defeated the wind. In any case he was round in the really remarkable score, in that weather, of 79. He had a comfortable five for the last hole, in order to beat Mr. Maxwell, but just to show that winning the medal was no effort to him he did the hole in three—a gallant finish. Mr. H. C. Ellis was just beaten by Mr. Maxwell by a stroke for the second medal, and Mr. Pease, who made such a good fight with Mr. Maxwell in the amateur championship, was a stroke more again—84. All these are good scores; any one of them might easily have been the medal-winning score on such a day. Mr. Charles Hutchings, the amateur champion, was 89, and many good men were a good many more. Golf is the most iniquitous, the most unjust, and the most chancy game in the world, of that there is no doubt, but still in the end a certain rough justice is done even here, and surely it was no less than equitable that Mr. Blackwell, who failed so singularly to show his true form either in the international or in the amateur championship matches at Hoylake, should have the satisfaction of this quite remarkably good win of the St. Andrews medal. *Ruat celum*—as indeed it did. These days, of which we have had more than enough lately, of heavy showers and bright intervals, are just those on which we hear the most diverse fables narrated in the clubhouse of the length of various drives, and the feasibility of certain long carries. The fact is that each little storm brings its own Euroclydon with it, and there is often a complete calm for a quarter of an hour or so after the storm's passing. These phenomena are not noted by the observant, who repeat with wonder feats that would have been impossibilities a quarter of an hour before their accomplishment, but were easy at the moment they were done. This perhaps is the inward history of many miracles.

Miss Rhona Adair is the champion lady of Ireland yet again for the third time of asking. No one, I think, has yet won any championship four times in succession, except young Tommy Morris, and then there was an interval of a blank year (because he had won the belt outright and left nothing to play for) between his third and fourth wins. So Miss Adair, if she win again, will make a record—which is the chief modern ambition of mice and men.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.



Milton Abbas,

Dorsetshire.

THE village of Milton Abbas has probably as curious a history as any in England. When the first Lord Milton (by name Joseph Damer) built the fine house that now bears the name of Milton Abbey, he removed the whole of the then existing town of Milton, or Middletown. It did not suit his scheme of the picturesque to have this considerable town so near him, and, indeed, the site of the old market cross, and a stone that marks it, are in the garden, and quite close to the present house of Milton Abbey. It is said that when Athelstan founded the Abbey of Milton (then Middletown) he gave the abbot the right of holding a market there. Subsequently the Abbot of Milton held a charter for free warren and for an annual fair, as well as for the market aforesaid. The market was held in Milton until the first lord of that name removed the market town. The fair, it is said, continued to be held in the present village, but the attractions were not found to justify it, and it fell into disuse. Of this, however, the accounts are rather contradictory and con-

fused. What is certain, and remarkable, is that this village outside the park wall was built by Lord Milton to accommodate the residue of the people whom he could not, or would not, "move on" to gratify his sense of the picturesque. The grammar school he "moved on" as far as Blandford, which is the present railway station and post town of Milton Abbas at six miles' distance, so that the village lies rather out of the busy world. One house of the old town Lord Milton left, and it now stands, a very picturesque cottage, in the grounds, not far from the big house and abbey. The reason that this village,

and the town that preceded it and gave it its name, was of such importance as to have a market, grammar school, etc., was, in the first place, that it had the initial advantage of being the scene of the original, abbey and conventual establishment, and, in the second, that it was, as implied, the "Middletown" of Dorsetshire, set in the centre of the county. There seems no doubt that it once was the most important, as it was the midmost, town of the shire. We have



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"COUNTRY LIFE."



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UP THE VILLAGE STREET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

grown so wise that we will not laugh at a pun, unless it is a very bad one indeed. Those wise men, our ancestors, were less particular. In the old refectory hall of the Abbey House there is, among other escutcheons, a shield with the device of a mill on a tun. This was deemed a happy conceit to indicate "Mil-ton." It seems a moderate kind of jest, but it is said that the cleverest people laugh the most, and no doubt our forebears showed their cleverness by finding something in this to laugh at. For the uninstructed it may be explained that a "tun" is a large barrel (probably of beer).

The chief and striking characteristic of the village of Milton Abbas (it took on the "Abbas" as a distinction from the old town "moved on") is that each cottage is the counterpart and fac-simile of every other. In this very village of Milton Abbas, and the way it is built, we may find, I think, further evidence, if we want any, that this Lord Milton was the kind of man who knew what he wanted and how to get it. Apparently he formed an idea in his mind, as perfect as an idea of Plato, of how he thought a cottage should be built, and having built the first cottage, he was so thoroughly satisfied with it that he could not perceive how anything could be taken from it or added to it with any advantage, the consequence being that as was the first cottage so was the last. They repeat each other with a masterly uniformity, as appears sufficiently from those photographs of "Up the Village Street" and "Down the Village Street" respectively. The result is a triumph, after its kind. It is impossible to accuse an artist who has repeated himself so exactly of a poverty of ideas. You have rather to regard the whole thing as an assertion on the part of the author that his conception was perfect in its beginning, and that he has worked the many identical details into a thoroughly harmonious whole. The harmony and the beauty owe a good deal to the situation. The village runs along both sides of the road from Blandford to the Abbey, where it begins to bend down from the high ground and the Down land to the lower level. The monks of old liked sheltered places for their dwellings. They seem to have defied the rheum-bringing damp provided they could keep clear of the chills that the cold winds bring on the heights. So this village street of Milton Abbas lies at a considerable gradient, more considerable than the pictures suggest. The architect does not seem to have been quite a monomaniac, though his plans carry a suspicion of it. When he wanted a building for other uses than that of offering a home to the evicted of the older town, he could plan something different, such as those almshouses which are seen in

our picture. Again, here is another. It is in the style of the glorified cottage—perhaps the kind of cottage with double coachhouse at which "The devil did grin." The doctor inhabits this glorified cottage now, and if its inside is as nice as its outside, it must be charming. There is a charm, indeed, about the whole long street, with its same idea perpetually reproduced. There is the charm of rest which comes from the emphatic absence of striving after some new thing. And there is a great charm of harmony besides—harmony of hue with the hues of sylvan Nature that encompass this village lying in its "coombe"—the old Devonian word—with the tall beech trees on the slopes on either side. They carpet the very streets of it (or the one long street of it) with russet leaves in the autumn season. The make of the cottages is thus: The roof is of

reed thatch (they still know how to thatch in that county, though the art is becoming more and more rare), and the walls are of a kind of cobble, not the Devonshire wattle and dab, but a rough natural concrete made of the flints and clay of the district. This gives a grey wall with a yellow roof, as warm a yellow as you please. They are Nature's colours, which "go" quite well with any hue that Nature herself takes on around them. The merits of thatch we all know—by repute, at least—warm in winter and cool in summer, and the cottages, built on this identical plan, answer their purposes admirably. Lord Milton really was a wonderful man.

When the property had been in the Damer family exactly 100 years (it had come to them by purchase originally from the Cornish Tregonwells, to whom Henry VIII. gave it when he suppressed the monastery. Henry did not give it for nothing—



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DOWN THE VILLAGE STREET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that was not the Tudor way—when the Damers, having ceased to be Miltons, or Earls of Dorchester, their later title, and having assumed the title of Portarlington, had grown tired of the great house, the Abbey, and the property generally, they sold it to Baron Hambro, of the kingdom of Denmark, whose son, Everard Alexander, holds it now. Baron Hambro struck a new architectural note in the village, with a perfectly-planned village hospital. It appears to be a very healthy village, so that candidates for the hospital are not many. But the hospital, of brick and slate, though excellent for its purpose, and a good building of its kind, does not "go" at all with the thatch and the cobble. Perhaps it is better so—better a frank and obvious departure from the pattern than an imitation gone all wrong. That would have been a great pity. Even as it is, it is a pity. It always is a pity when the æsthetic has to give way to the utilitarian. But it has to happen now and then. So there the

hospital stands; but it is at the far upper end of the village. It does not obtrude its red face among the greys and yellows. Baron Hambro, an infinite benefactor to the place, was well advised both in avoiding bare imitation and in choosing the site. A little lower, on the opposite side, as an act of grace, slightly withdrawn from the frontage level of most of the village, is the Wesleyan Chapel. Its walls are red, its roof is grey. It would be wrong to say anything to wound the feelings of any shade of faith, but it hardly is to be believed that the Nonconformist conscience can be as sensitive as we have been told, seeing that it could permit such a building to be erected in such a village. However, we are on dangerous ground. Let us pass on, and down the street. Actually there is one cottage that dares to have features of its own, the village shop, with windows bowed in advance, the better to show off its fearful temptations in the glass jars—bulls' eyes and all kinds of sweetstuff. Probably we may conclude that this concession was made after the demise of Lord Milton the first and the masterful. It ought to be said, although the pictures make it evident, that the scheme of uniformity in this unique village is carried out further by the chestnut tree (of the horse-chestnut kind) that is seen between each cottage. When these are wearing their glories of blossom you may believe what the colouring is, and the hum of the bees that come from the cottagers' gardens to get the honey. And, finally, there is the picture of the village well. At first sight it looks rather like one of those puzzle-pictures in which the interest is to "find the well." It is there, however, though comparatively inconspicuous. But in the country in which this



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THE VILLAGE WELL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

scene of Milton Abbas stands, you may be very sure that, however little there may be in the way of apparatus to a well above ground, there is a great deal of well below. If truth lives at wells' bottoms, the Milton Abbas folk have a very long way to go to fetch it. Two hundred feet is quite a common depth for a cottager to have to fetch water from, with a windlass and bucket. It is grand exercise, but it begins to be irksome when it is often repeated. The merit of the water, when you have got it, is its limpid purity; its demerit is an



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A SUPERIOR COTTAGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

excessive hardness, which it takes from the lime. Water at 200ft., with one well and one windlass to a village, does not sound like much washing. But perhaps, as a nation, we wash too much. The decadence of nations seems to date from the time of their making a great matter of their baths. Notice the Greeks, Romans, Moors, Turks. Let us leave the reader to consider this philosophical remark, with a recommendation to him to come to Milton Abbas, remote from the busy throng, to meditate upon it.

IN THE GARDEN.

NEGLECTED VARIETIES OF GRAPES.

IN looking through the recently published Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society we came across a note upon a subject which we had already jotted down for future consideration in this column. It concerns some neglected Grapes, we mean the delicious Frontignans, fruit for the epicure, but seldom seen on the



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LOOKING SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

English table. The average Englishman apparently enjoys the big watery Grape, the Gros Colmar and the Gros Maroc type, veritable bags of water, and as flavourless as a turnip. This note exactly agrees with our opinion—namely, that “the vulgar love of size and of appearance, quite irrespective of quality and flavour, has caused many of the most delicious varieties of Grapes to go practically out of cultivation, and they are only very occasionally to be met with in the gardens of those connoisseurs who still consider the flavour of a fruit to be of more importance than its size and appearance.” The note well points out that there is, for instance, no comparison whatever between the quality and flavour of the rusty-looking Grizzly Frontignan and the insipid Gros Colmar or Gros Maroc. “And yet, how very, very rarely is the former found even in gardens where the Grapes are not grown for sale, but are used entirely for home consumption! All the small-berried varieties, in fact, are suffering from most unmerited neglect. We are not without hope that the tide is turning, and that the days are coming when the exquisitely delicious small-berried Grapes will again find favour and once more be grown extensively. They require no special treatment, as the same soil and the same cultural skill bestowed on, say, Black Hamburgh, will prove equally suitable for all the varieties that we name below.”

As this is not a bad season for planting vines, although somewhat late, it may interest those readers who do not see the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society to know the varieties selected for special consideration. The selection has been made with great care, and we are pleased to find that the most delicious of all Grapes heads the list.

Grizzly Frontignan.—We put this at the head of the list as being one of the very finest flavoured and best of all the Frontignan class of Grapes. The bunch is similar to Lady Downe's in form, but the berries are distinctly smaller, and, as the name implies, are of a grizzly or dull red colour. When the berries just begin to shrivel the flavour is remarkably rich and sweet. It is a very good variety for a mid-season vinery, the bunches hanging well till Christmas. It is also known as Red Frontignan.

Angers Frontignan.—A very pretty deep black variety, with small bunches and small berries, but of excellent flavour. Where early forcing is desired this variety is very reliable, as it always sets its fruit well either when planted out or when grown in pots.

White Frontignan.—Another free setting and delicious Grape, succeeding equally well in the early or mid-season vinery, and, like both of the above, a good and constant bearer. The bunches and berries are of the usual Frontignan size.

Auvergne Frontignan and *Ascot Frontignan* are both white varieties, of first-class quality and flavour, and are equally at home in the early or mid-season vinery. They are both free bearers, and are specially suitable for pot culture.

Ferdinand de Lesseps.—This is a lovely small-berried variety of exquisite flavour. The bunches are distinctly small, and so, too, are the berries, which are oval in shape, of a deep golden colour, and very inviting-looking. It was raised by Messrs. Pearson of Chilwell, and received a first-class certificate from the Royal Horticultural Society in 1870.

Ascot Citronelle.—A variety with small white oval berries arranged in rather small bunches, and with a very pleasant but decided Muscat flavour. It is a very early variety, ripening at least a fortnight before Black Hamburgh when grown in the same house. It is very valuable for early forcing where a small-berried but fine-flavoured Grape can be appreciated. It is in 1871.

Mrs. Pearson.—A better-known Grape than most of the above, because it has bigger berries; but it is still not so universally grown as it deserves. For although the round white berries are not so big as some, the bunches are fine and large and of good shape, and will hang in good condition longer than any other white Grape. It is altogether a first-rate late Grape, and received a first-class certificate in 1874; and if it requires a little more care in growing than some poorer Grapes, it is all the more credit to the grower when it is well done.

Royal Muscadine.—This old variety used to be much more grown than it is now, and, though it is a good outdoor Grape, it is far better grown under glass; the long bunches of round, pale amber-coloured berries are then of delicious flavour, and they possess the merit of hanging well for a long time after they are ripe. For a cool greenhouse there is no better variety.

Just a word of warning: Do not overfeed these refined small-berried varieties of Grapes, as they will not stand stimulants like the larger, coarser, and more robust ones.

It is refreshing to find the old Muscadine well spoken of. We have gathered excellent bunches of this from walls in town gardens, and the flavour gets sweeter and more pleasant as the bunches age. Even when shrivelled the berries are little sweetmeats of no common lusciousness.

TULIP TIME.

At the moment of writing the May Tulips are in gorgeous bloom, and we welcome their splendid colouring and bold form. Chief of the group is *Tulipa gesneriana*, the parent, so to speak, of all the garden forms of Tulip—the Dutch, Darwin, and others; and yet this parent is the most brilliant of all, a big, goblet-shaped flower on a tall, strong stem. When this goblet of colour opens out to the sun it discloses a blue-black inky base, which makes the crimson colouring still richer and more striking. If one wants the best form, it is necessary to ask for *T. gesneriana* variety *spatulata* or *major*. The writer well remembers a group of this Tulip amongst Quince bushes, and thought the association peculiarly happy. In the flower garden—we mean where there are



THE GATE OF JUSTICE AT THE ALHAMBRA, GRANADA.

simple beds—nothing in the way of bulbs is more brilliant than this. It is a splendid Tulip to group, and at this moment many masses of colour at Kew are made by this and allied varieties. *T. fulgens* is another intense crimson Tulip, and amongst more refined shades there is the soft greenish yellow of *T. vitellina*, the clear yellow of *T. retroflexa*, and the yellow crimson-edged Golden Eagle; or one may place faith in *macrospila*, and plant it largely. *Macrospila* is one of the best garden Tulips in existence. It has a large flower of rose colouring and delicate fragrance. *Picotee* is a dainty Tulip, white, with rosy margin to the florets; and there is much charm in the quaint Parrot Tulips, with their ragged florets splashed with colour. But these are uncertain in their flowering. Sometimes they are a success, sometimes not, and in prominent positions uncertainties are not agreeable; their heavy flowers tell against their abundant use. A carpeting of some kind is almost a necessity to prevent soil splashing up and spoiling the colouring. If desired, we would give a list of some of the more important and beautiful of the Tulip species. Many lovely Tulips have been introduced of late years, those named being recommended for their effect in the garden, and are easily obtainable at any good bulb nursery.

GROUPING RHODODENDRONS FOR COLOUR

The following notes about the importance of grouping Rhododendrons for colour may be acceptable at this, the flowering season of the shrubs. There will be many who are contemplating planting them in the autumn, and visiting the nurseries in order to make a choice. It will be an immense gain to the future planting of their gardens if they will now take the trouble of first making up their minds as to a scheme of colouring, whether of one group or many, and in the nursery fixing upon the bloom of some one variety as central type of the colour-scheme, and asking for a flower, which should be carried in the hand; then it can easily be seen whether or no other varieties that are individually admired will accord with this in colour. Of each kind that is approved and noted a bloom should be taken. The range of colouring of Rhododendrons is so wide that if this precaution is not taken the intending planter is sure to go wrong, as, for instance, a flower that among shades of rosy amaranth may look a pure pink, if removed from their neighbourhood and placed beside a scarlet-rose will be found to be quite out of harmony. This width of colour range will also enable the buyer to choose the combination that best pleases his eye, whether of clear pink with white and rosy scarlet, of the few shades that incline to salmon-rose, of the strong and very numerous amarantths, or the cool purples which go best with the clear whites, and whites tinged with purple.

There is also the difference in habit to be considered, and the fact that some flower early and others late. It should be remembered that it is always well to keep the true purples away from the other colours. They are beautiful by themselves or with whites, and look their best in half-shady places.

An ideal place for a good planting of Rhododendrons would be a shallow dell where the soil is damp and peaty. Easy grassy ways should lead between the planted clumps, and to relieve the monotony of the one plant alone, it would be well to have some groups of silver-barked Birch.

THE ROYAL GARDENS, KEW.

These gardens are now in their spring dress. The Bluebells make misty masses of colour in the grounds surrounding the Queen's Cottage, and in the Wilderness are rivers of Daffodils, yellow, cream, and white, here a splash of yellow, there the pure golden yellow of the Jonquil, and wherever an opportunity is given Pheasant's Eye (*Narcissus poeticus*) forms broad groups of satiny white, a charming picture towards the close of day. The white poet's Narcissus is more beautiful at sunset than in the full midday sun, and in a good loamy soil establishes itself quickly, becoming in a way naturalised. The rock garden is full of interesting plants, dabs of crimson colour from the colonies of *Primula rosea* in the bog garden, the mountain Primulas, meadow Fritillaries, rare Tulips, and a host of other things precious to those who wish to know much of the great world of rock garden flowers. Under the trees, where nothing but Ivy seems to grow as a permanent groundwork, are tufts of Daffodil flowers and of that excellent garden plant, *Scilla campanulata*. This is one of the most accommodating of all garden favourites, spreads rapidly, and is a success in even the shady backyard of a suburban villa. The shrub world is expanding in its fulness, groups of *Plum*s, the *Amelanchier*, *Magnolias*, *Forsythias*, *Rubus*, *Lilac*, and less familiar things. *Magnolia stellata* has been an exquisite picture for some time past, but is now fading. This is one of the first of all to flower. It makes a somewhat compact bush, and in quite a young state, when not more than 3 ft. high, is covered with flowers of purest white, like big stars upon the leafless shoots; they are about 3 in. across. There is a blush-coloured variety which is a good companion to the type. Everywhere, in dell and open ground, the Royal Gardens are in brightest dress, and at no time is a visit more interesting to the true garden-lover than at this season.

THE TEMPLE SHOW.

A reminder that the great exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society in the Temple Gardens takes place on May 28th, 29th, and 30th next.

A NIGHT IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

VERY few people, comparatively speaking, have any idea of the inner working of lighthouses, or of the elaborate and methodical ways of that great institution known as the Trinity House. The general public are familiar with them externally, of course, many having often seen the cheering rays at night when on board ship, and also, perhaps, have gone over one during the daytime, if one has chanced to be near where they were staying on their summer holidays. But as after sundown visitors, without a special permit, are rigorously excluded, the inner life, when the machinery is all alive and working, and the men are at their posts, attending to the great light which throws its rays for miles over the grey waste of waters, is a sealed book to the majority of people. Through the courtesy of the Elder Brethren I have, at times, had the pleasure of spending a night or two in these most interesting places, for the express purpose of studying the migration of birds, and the passing of the same during the time that the darkness is over the face of the land and of the waters. Dwellers inland, who go to bed at a certain hour, and get up at a certain hour, have not the faintest idea of the life and activity that goes on around our coasts during the night, not only amongst the birds, but also amongst the human population. Every inch of the coast-line is patrolled by the coastguards. The ships, large and small, come and go. The crews of the isolated lightships are on the alert, and the keepers of our different lighthouses are busy occupied in their lonely watches, ever ready to keep going the machinery which sets in motion the heavy revolving prisms of glass, and keeping the powerful lamps properly trimmed and in order, burning brightly, and sending their brilliant rays flashing far over the grey waters, and giving a sense of companionship as well as guidance to the lonely mariners on watch on board the various vessels that pass within sight of the rays. Even those who have only inspected a lighthouse in the most casual manner, having just strolled through it, seen the lantern, and the machinery that sets it in motion, had a cursory look round, and then as a finish have inscribed their names in the visitors' book, always kept at these places, must have been struck with the spotless cleanliness of everything—the glass all beautifully polished, the metal-work everywhere burnished and polished up to the nth, and not a speck of dust to be seen. The keepers, who begin, after having

received their technical instruction, as supernumeraries attached to the different lighthouses, rising from thence to be assistant keeper, and finally principal keeper of the light, are, as I have come across them, a most intelligent, civil, and obliging set of men, always ready to give any information and help that they are able to the enquirer, and only too pleased to have a stranger amongst them for a short time to relieve what after a time, when the novelty of a fresh station has worn off, must really be a life of deadly monotony. Of course it is not so bad for those men who are stationed on lighthouses on land, though some of them are lonely enough in all conscience; but for men situated on lonely isolated rocks like the Longstone, on the outer Farne Islands, and in other similar storm-beaten isolated situations round our islands, the life indeed must be a most trying one, and I have often thought, when visiting these places, what an ideal spot it would be for our genuine misanthropists—men who have done with the world and its pleasures, and only wish to live as far away as possible from their fellow-creatures. Small wonder is it that the keepers of these solitary isolated lighthouses, situated far out at sea, over which the waves frequently break with enormous force, sending the spray and surf right up to and even over the top of the lighthouse, and making the whole structure tremble and shake to a very appreciable and at times most uncomfortable extent—small wonder is it, I repeat, that these men often lose their nerve under such trying conditions; and this used to be more frequently the case than it is at the present day. For the keepers are only on duty in these places for comparatively short spells at a time, but yet there is always the contingency, which by no means unfrequently happens, that on these storm-swept situations it may be many weeks after their allotted term of duty that the men are able to leave their post, owing to the stormy weather and the great danger of landing from or embarking in the relief boat. When doing this, it is most truly a case of "the man who hesitates is lost"; and if the



THE SPURN LIGHTHOUSE.

exact moment be not seized upon and made use of, the probabilities are that a very severe ducking and tossing about in the stormy seas, if not the actual loss of life itself, are in store for the keeper. There are generally three men, if not more, nowadays in these isolated stations. Not so very long ago, when there were only two, it has happened that one of them has been seized with sudden and fatal illness, and his companion has been left alone with the corpse for some time before the relief party could

get off to his assistance—a truly terrible situation for a man to be placed in. In most of the lighthouses, also, on the mainland there are two keepers—the principal and his assistant—who take alternate watches during the night; and often during the long winter nights a supernumerary or relief man is attached to these. As I before mentioned, the spotless cleanliness of everything about the lighthouse is one of the first things that strike one—cleanliness in every portion; and were this not most jealously guarded and seen to, things might very easily go wrong. Greasy finger marks would be enormously magnified on the prisms, and dust might easily get into the bearings of the machinery and check it, but one and all about the premises are as bright as a new pin. Standing silent, motionless as the dead, during the daytime, at night a lighthouse becomes the scene of ceaseless activity. There is the ceaseless clank clank of the machinery, if the light be a revolving one, the revolutions of the heavy frame-work with its numberless heavy glass prisms, and the bright glare of the powerful lamps, sending the brilliant rays flashing round far and wide over the *πολυφλοῖς βόιο θαλάσσης*, the loud sounding main of old Homer, and giving guidance to and cheering the hearts of those that pass to and fro in the night. Then, to the imaginative mind, a lighthouse may easily seem to be a thing endowed with life. When the weather is bright and clear only half power is used, but when it is thick and hazy full power is put on. In very foggy weather this full power is always kept going, but it has often seemed to me to be a great waste of energy and material, being practically useless, as the rays from the most powerful light in existence will only penetrate a thick fog for a very short distance, as anyone may easily prove for himself.

Now, it is by no means during every night, at the time of either the spring or autumn migration of birds, that the conditions are favourable for observing the hosts of birds passing within the rays of the lantern, or striking against the glass outside. The best months for observing them at the lighthouse where my observations have been specially made—namely, that at Spurn Point in Yorkshire, at the mouth of the Humber, a marvellous place for observing birds during their migration, and where many rarities have occurred—are March and the early part of April during the spring migration, and October, November, and the early part of December during the migratory movements in the autumn; but frequently birds are passing throughout parts of other months than these. The climatic conditions of wind and weather must also be favourable. Nights with a bright moon are useless, as the birds are passing high overhead, and carefully avoid the light. Clear dark nights without any moon are also usually bad for observations, as the birds with their sharp little eyes seem to be able to steer themselves quite well; and very foggy nights are also bad, as under such conditions the birds seem to move about very little. An ideal night to observe their movements, and themselves in great numbers, is a dark one with a slight drizzle or haze, and at the particular lighthouse of which I am speaking with the wind blowing south-south-west or west-south-west. Generally on nights when these conditions prevail the birds are passing and moving about in great numbers. The air is full of their cries, and at times they seem to be quite out of their reckonings. They frequently flutter round and round the outside glass of the powerful lantern, as if they were trying to get in. And I have gone out on to the gallery running round the glass at about roof level from the ground, caught a bird in a landing net, brought it into the lantern-room at the top, examined it, taken it outside, let it go, and seen it quickly disappear into the darkness. It is very pretty, either when standing on this gallery

looking down, or when on the sand-hills below looking up, to see the flocks of birds passing within the great rays as they slowly revolve. They look exactly like sparks, with the light on their feathers. Sometimes the air seems full of bright sparks as the birds pass within the rays flashing on their feathers and then suddenly disappear, as they continue their course on into the darkness. When out on the gallery it is also most interesting to notice the different kinds of birds that come and perch for a short time, either on the handrail that runs round it, or on the footway of the gallery itself, collecting their senses, as it were, for a time, and then pursuing their way on into the unknown. When one is sitting in the lantern-room at the top, either talking to the keeper or making notes, whilst he is reading the various papers that friends send down—and no one who has not lived for a time in these solitary situations has any idea what a boon

a gift of papers, illustrated or otherwise, is to the men employed on these lonely watches, and how very much they are appreciated—suddenly a thud will come against the glass. "There," says the keeper, "is a bird striking," and if he is not found on the gallery outside he will be picked up in the morning at the bottom. I have known as many as eighty picked up that have struck in a single night—thrushes, larks, starlings, dunlins, snipe, plovers, ducks, small warblers, and many other different kinds of birds. Curlew

very seldom strike, nor are woodcock often picked up, these birds seeming to fly low, as they often strike the telegraph wires below. Little grebes strike at times, as do red-throated divers, storm petrels, and many others. Sometimes great numbers of starlings will be fluttering round the glass, and the keepers have a dislike to these birds, because they say that a kind of grease exudes from their plumage and makes the glass greasy. The cats that are kept by the lighthouse keepers and the little colony of coastguards know well by their cries when many birds are on the move. They foregather about the bottom of the lighthouse, and may easily despoil the ornithologist of some rare specimen that has struck. When large birds strike the glass they come sometimes with tremendous force, but cannot break it, as it is half an inch thick, and bent to the shape of the lantern; but a good many years ago, at the Flamborough Lighthouse at Flamborough Head, when the old glass in square panes was in, and not more than one-eighth of an inch or so in thickness, a teal duck, a very swift-flying bird, flew right through the glass in a gale, and the wind put the light out for a few minutes. The bird was cut nearly in two. The Flamborough Lighthouse is 87ft. from the base to the vane, and the height from the sea level to the focal plane of the light is 214ft. The Spurn Lighthouse measures: Height from base to vane, 128ft.; height from high-water mark (spring tides) to focal plane, 120ft.; height from base of lighthouse to focal plane about 110ft. In the photograph will be seen a ladder which is used for going from the gallery up on to the top of the glass for cleaning, painting, etc., and if ever a man requires a good and clear head for a job, it is for this particular one. Let the novice try if he does not believe it and report on it. The second picture shows a view taken from the gallery of the lighthouse. Below are seen the keepers' houses, on the site of the old lighthouse built by Smeeton. The sea is on the left, and the Humber on the right, with the termination of Spurn Point in the middle. I have seen the small bushes and rough grass full of golden-crested wrens and small warblers at different times during migration, and many different birds sitting on the top of Lloyd's signal station. The birds are often on the move all night, but as soon as the grey dawn—and it does look grey from the top of the lighthouse over the grey waste of waters—begins to creep up the stream ceases to pass near the light. A



VIEW FROM THE GALLERY LOOKING SOUTH.

wonderful place is a lighthouse nowadays, replete with everything that science can devise, very different from the old beacon lights of our forefathers, though they in their time served the same good purpose. As a rule, more birds strike a fixed light than a revolving one. At times the starlings are so numerous that sixty have been taken in a single watch. OXLEY GRABHAM.

RAPIER & DAGGER PLAY.

"In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what."

IT is in these days, when the practical effect of the art of swordsmanship is, speaking generally, relegated to the comparatively innocuous encounters that take place on the Continent, that the mysteries of the art are really understood and that practice has resulted in something very near perfection. At the moment, too, when the possibilities of the "white arm" in defence and offence have been fathomed and the weapon itself discarded, even in the Army, as a factor of life and death, a new and apparently enduring enthusiasm for sword-play as a scientific pastime has sprung up amongst us. The ranks of intelligent amateurs are thronged, acknowledged masters such as Mr. Egerton Castle have, by words and actions, attracted a host of disciples to the patient study of fence, and, if we cannot as yet produce masters or pupils to rival the French and Italian schools, our prophets are not without honour in their own country or beyond its confines. But the modern amateur naturally applies himself to the modern science. Foil, *épée de*

combat, and sabre monopolise his attention. To him the old-fashioned play of rapier and dagger seems cumbersome, perhaps contemptible; yet a few, and necessarily superficial, words about this parent of all modern fencing may not be without interest for the student of the sword's secrets, and even for the layman. It is at once evident from the photographs here reproduced that the conditions under which men wielded rapier and dagger were as different from those of a bout with foils as their picturesque garments were from the jacket, apron, and mask of to-day's fencing-room. The rapier, originally a Spanish weapon, began to make its appearance in England towards the end of the sixteenth century, and its use was taught by Italian masters, to whose theory and practice the redoubtable Silver took such exception. A great improvement on the sword and buckler, the rapier was still of such inordinate length and weight that scientific play, as we understand it, was outside the question until, with the blade shortened, the point lightened, and the left hand and arm left free for use as a counterpoise, the rapier itself was merged in the small sword, which was the natural forerunner of the *épée* and the foil. "The Italian masters teach us offence not defence," wrote Silver, and, in a measure, he was right. To parry, in the modern sense of parrying, was impossible; the weight of the weapon effectually prevented any quickness or suppleness of wrist or finger play, and an attack was met by a side step or a turn of the body, not dissimilar in conception and execution to the usages of boxing, or by a guard which was itself a fresh menace with the point, if not a direct attack in its turn; there was, even after the edge had completely given way to the point, no conception of the parry as a distinct movement. The left hand was therefore used with

dagger, cloak, or glove, to catch and turn aside the adversary's cut and thrust. All was done with precision and deliberation; the combatants manoeuvred cautiously round one another "in circular wise," trying for the advantage of "time" and "measure" before delivering an attack; to advance in a straight line would have been deemed the height of folly and imprudence. The thrusts were of three kinds—the *imbrocata*, corresponding to our thrust in "prime"; the *stoccata*, delivered under the sword, hand, or dagger; and the *punta riversa*, a thrust from the left side to any part of the body or face: they were delivered, after striking distance had been safely reached, by passes to right or left, the right foot being always advanced and followed rapidly by the left. The elaborate and successive feints and deceptions which form an integral part of the development of our attack had little place in rapier play; any incautious use of them was apt to prove a dangerous experiment; if delivered out of measure, or not pushed far enough, they were ineffectual, while even otherwise the weight of the weapon robbed them of their true value. There was for some time after the introduction of the rapier no idea of a proper lunge to attack, nor any notion that the left arm might be more useful as an aid to balance and quick recovery than as a defence, and the hilt was occasionally used (as is seen in one of the photographs) for offensive purposes. Such changes came gradually, when the side-steppings, performed with all the grace and elegance of a dancing master, gave way to that advance and retreat in a straight line which is still one of the first principles of the art.

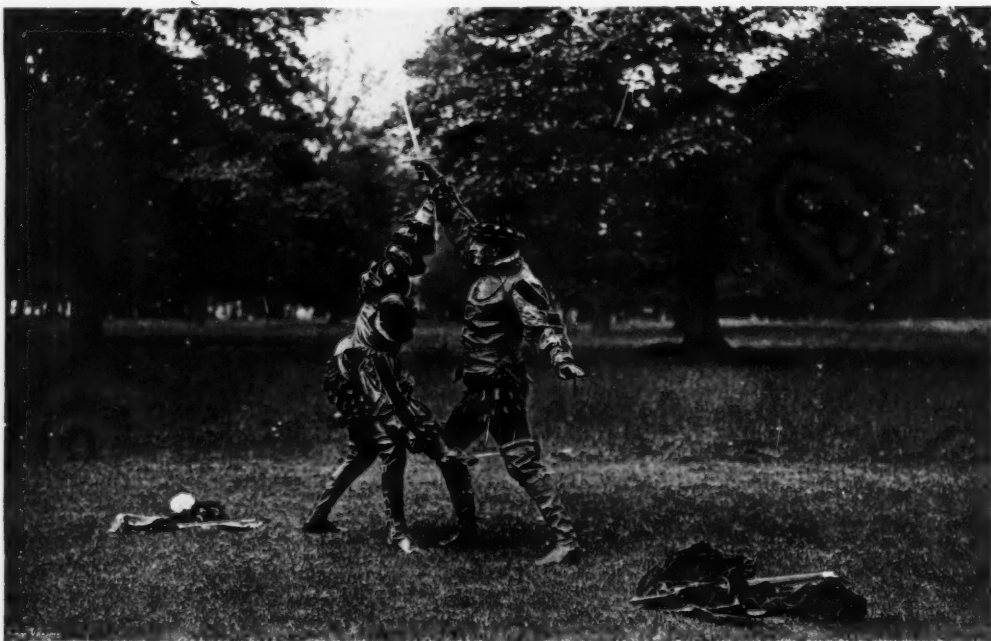
A vivid and general impression of the old style and the old theories is obtained from the book of Vincentio Saviolo, the



W. A. Rouch.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

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PARRY WITH THE LEFT HAND.

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only English treatise on the rapier play of the sixteenth century. Thus: "As soon as your rapier is drawn, put yourself presently on guard, seeking the advantage, and go not leaping, but while you change from one ward to another, be sure to be out of distance, by retiring a little, because if your enemy be skilful, he may offend you in the same instant. And note this well, also, that to seek to offend, being out of measure and not in due time, is very dangerous. Wherefore, as I told you before, having put yourself on guard, and charging your adversary, take heed how you go about, and that your right foot be foremost, stealing the advantage little by little, carrying your left leg behind, with your point within the point of your enemy's sword."

It is easy to conjure up an image from the past, to reconstruct the picture of two men in picturesque garb, armed with what were perhaps, artistically, the most beautiful weapons ever fashioned, facing each other for an encounter. They circle round and round with easy grace and alert



W. A. Rouch.

THE HILT USED FOR OFFENCE.

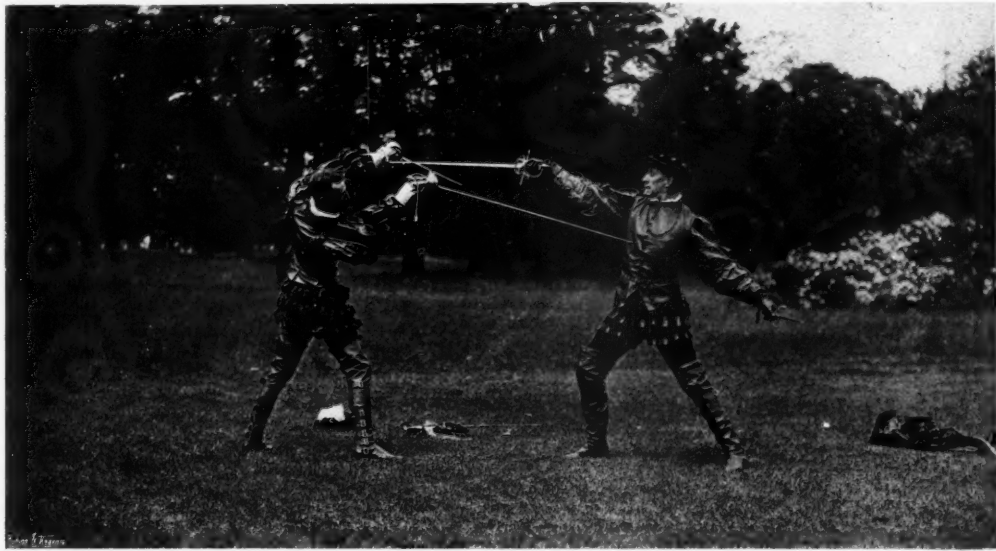
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the swagger and flourish and grace of movement that makes rapier play such a pretty sport to watch or to pursue.

There are, perhaps, not many who have the leisure or

inclination for it, but the study and practice of rapier play should appeal to all lovers of the sword, for, as the *épée* is the more tutored brother of the universal foil, the rapier is the *fons et origo* of all the swordsmanship of this twentieth century. The gradual evolution of the small sword type from the earlier model of the sixteenth century is no more clearly marked than is the foundation of that French school which is the last word in all questions of the fencing-room upon the theory of rapier play as taught by the early Spanish masters, or the growth of the latter-day leather jacket, wire mask, and padded glove from the original cardboard plastron and button covered with leather, "about the size of a musket ball." The admirable photographs obviously taken from poses by Captain Hutton, himself a past-master in all that

concerns arms and their use, give a better idea than any words can do of the nature and attraction of a form of sword-play that has so much to offer in return for its pursuit. G. C. POLLOCK.

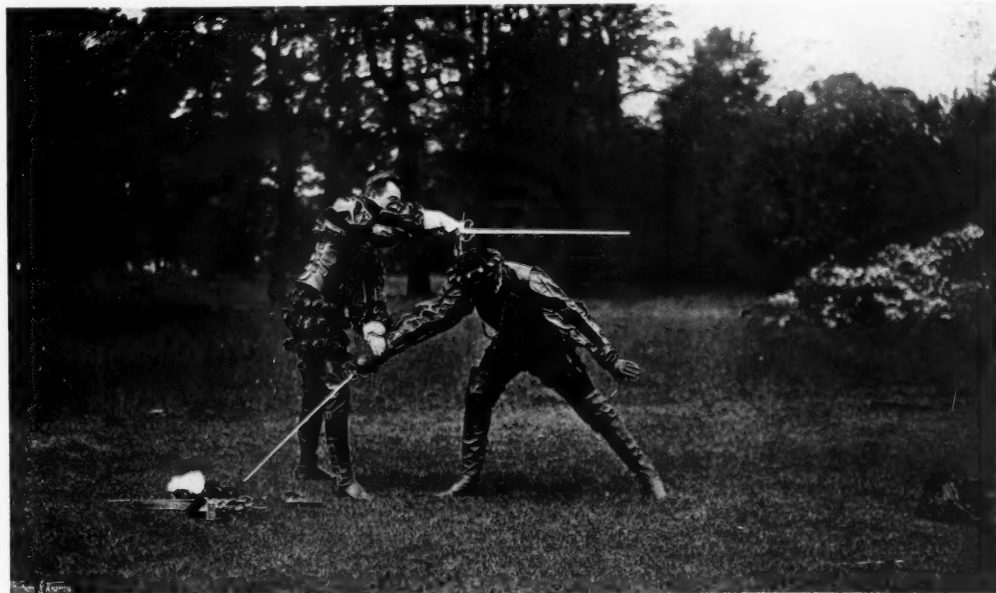


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STOCCATA.

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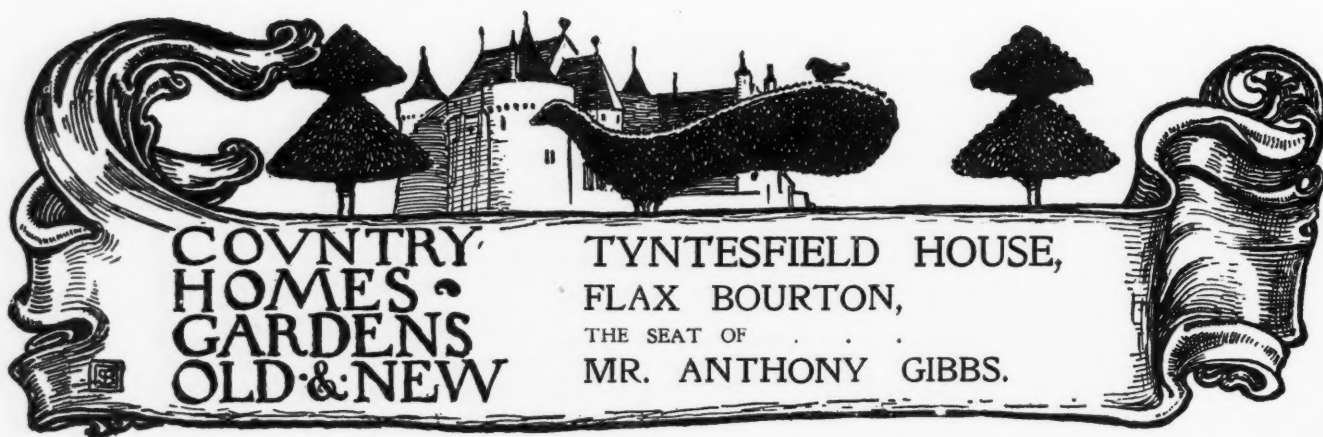
precision, stepping now to the right, now to the left, their rapiers not crossed, but taking a wide guard, ready for any emergency, watching for an opportunity of "stealing the advantage little by little." When the thrust comes it is met and turned aside by hand or dagger, and with a *passata* the attacked becomes in his turn the attacker. There is none of that flurry and scurry of movement inseparable from the most inspired bout with foils (the *épée* is, of course, a more academic and cautious weapon), none of that rapid twisting and circling of blades which so confuses the eye of the onlooker that he is at last reduced to an inability to distinguish "t'other from which." All is in order, although there is no want of movement and vigour. "Your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what," all follow with such graceful dignity that criticism of the inutility and cumbrousness of the weapons is disarmed by the beautiful show that they make. The science of fence may have grown more scientific, more utilitarian, but its progress has been effected by the inevitable sacrifice of much of



W. A. Rouch.

MAADRITTA.

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SOME seven miles south-westward from the city of Bristol, and in a most pleasant situation about two miles north of Flax Bourton on the Great Western Railway, stands the beautiful house of Mr. Antony Gibbs. The Wraxall Hills, named from the pretty neighbouring village, extend ridge-like thence to Clevedon on the coast, and the house is upon the southern slope, at a height of nearly 400ft. above the sea. Thus a great outlook is before it towards the south and west over the peaceful pastoral country towards Yatton, while behind on the hill-ridge runs the old road from Bristol by Cadbury Camp—a great entrenchment of seven acres in a commanding position on the hill—to Clevedon, where stands the beautiful house of Sir Edmund Elton. The country below is sometimes spoken of as the Vale of Nailsea, from the village of that name in the hollow.

The elevated ridge which rises behind Tyntesfield House, protecting it from the northern blasts, is richly wooded from base to summit. It forms a magnificent background to the mansion and its gardens, and the situation is peculiarly advantageous, for the house stands nobly on the slope. It is a gracious modern structure, but built in an early style, skilfully adapted to the necessities of domestic architecture. The high gables, lofty chimneys, noble tower, and all the details of perforated parapets, mullioned and traceried windows, oriels and arcaded passages, belong in character probably to the fourteenth century. How attractive are the features will be gathered from the pictures, which also will disclose the wonderful beauty of the

situation. It is a noble grouping of buildings upon which we look, and the splendour with which the structure is invested finds its highest illustration in the exquisite beauty of the chapel, which, standing high upon the steep, is a charming example of English architecture. Between its pinnacled buttresses are lovely Geometrical Decorated windows, which are carried round an exquisite hexagonal apse. There is richness in the elaboration of the details both of the chapel and the house, which words cannot well describe; but fortunately the pictures illustrate the merits and special beauties of Tyntesfield extremely well. Manifestly a great work was to be done here, for the opportunities were unsurpassed, and we can imagine the delight with which the architects and garden planners approached their task.

The advantage of the situation, which has been alluded to, has been most skilfully utilised in the planning of the grounds. Upon the level are expanses of turf, diversified by gay flowerbeds. Then we reach the terrace descents, with the long aloe walk parallel to the house, having yews for its distinctive feature, and then arrive at the beautiful expanses of the park. The architect has done well with his garden stonework. The stairways are admirable, and their parapets are perforated with quatrefoils in keeping with the house itself. The rose garden, with its expanse of turf and the heraldic animals to guard the approach, is overlooked from a lovely terrace, with picturesque summer-houses and all the hill behind.

The mention of the hill brings us to the most characteristic





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THE CHAPEL.

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THE ALOE WALK.

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FROM THE EAST.

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feature of Tyntesfield. Although the hillside is densely wooded, there are green irregular ascents through it in the hollows, known as combes, which originally appear to have been the ways by which the sheep made their way from the higher pastures to the lower, or by which at other seasons they ascended the hill. The combes are not confined to the immediate neighbourhood of Tyntesfield; they are picturesque features in the range of hills extending towards Yatton, and Brockley Combe is noted as a romantic spot dear to the artist and the poet. Coleridge loved that romantic gorge, and it may be permissible to quote from his writings, because the descriptive part applies not less well to the combes at Tyntesfield:

"With many a pause, and oft-reverted eye
I climbed the combe's ascent; sweet
songsters near
Warble in shade their wild-wood
melody;
Far off the unvarying cuckoo sooths
my ear;
Up scour the startling stragglers of the
flock,
That on green plots or precipices
browse."

At last he gains the top, for
such a prospect as may be
beheld from the Wraxall Hills
at Tyntesfield.

"Ah! What a luxury of landscape
meets
My gaze! Proud towers, and cots
more dear to me,
Elm-shadowed fields, and prospect-
lounding sea;
Deep sighs my lonely heart; I drop a
tear.
Enchanting spot! Oh, were my Sara
here!"

Much as we may admire
the gardens at Tyntesfield, the
real glories that attend the house
are the larger surroundings in
which it is placed, and the chief
beauty of these is in the magnifi-
cence of the trees. The variety
of foliage is extraordinary, and
at every season of the year some
change of hue and character

brings fresh beauties into that landscape. What is peculiarly notable is that the house appears to belong to the picture. It harmonises with the country in which it is built, and is as a jewel in a landscape setting. Mr. Gibbs may well be proud of the perfection in which his house and grounds are kept. In this matter they are not excelled in the West Country. It is a beautiful and attractive estate, well managed, and abundantly cultivated, with farms, dairies, and orchards as fruitful as we could wish to see.

The village of Wraxall, which is near the house, is also very pleasantly situated at the foot of the southern declivity



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THE WEST END.

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A BOTHY AND ORANGERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the long range which bears its name. The church there, dedicated to All Saints, is ancient and beautiful, and an interesting example of the Perpendicular style, with chancel, nave, north aisle, south chapel, and a fine western embattled tower with pinnacles. In 1893 it was thoroughly restored, from the plans of Sir Arthur W. Blomfield, when the south wall of the chapel was entirely rebuilt, the floor relaid, new choir stalls added, and the interior rearranged. Mr. Antony Gibbs of Tyntesfield defrayed most of the cost. His family has conferred many advantages upon that village. A club was built in 1885, with a savings bank attached. Mrs. William Gibbs founded a convalescent home for women, in which six women are received without any charge, and there are also seven almshouses built and endowed by Mrs. Gibbs. The possessor of Tyntesfield is the principal landowner, and that happy union of interest exists between himself and his tenantry that is common in the English shires. We have depicted and described many beautiful houses, with their radiant and attractive gardens, in Somersetshire, but few better deserving of note than the magnificent domain on the southern slope of the Wraxall Hills.



Copyright

A COMBE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the loveliness of the river courses, the quaintness of the villages, and the glories of the architecture became the delight of the tourist. Somersetshire themes became the theme of the novelist, and were familiar on the walls of our galleries. Hence grew the residential popularity of the county, and more especially, perhaps, in the district north of the Mendip Hills, and within reach of Bath and Bristol, the value of the estates grew greater, and splendid modern houses were built to replace in many cases the decayed structures of earlier times. Tyntesfield is a lustrous example of the manner in which judgment and good sense work out an excellent result, and we are glad to number it among the most interesting mansions in that very charming and attractive shire.

GOD'S ACRE.

WANDERING through the wood that climbs the river bank and stretches over some few acres of the country-side, one suddenly stumbles upon an old tombstone, leaning all awry, covered with moss and ivy, and crumbling to pieces; another and another start into view,

dreary shapes among the trees, like some hooded monks or anchorites standing still and solemn, silently repeating their sad "Remember Death." Farther on the old walls of the church are found, still tolerably intact in spite of wind and

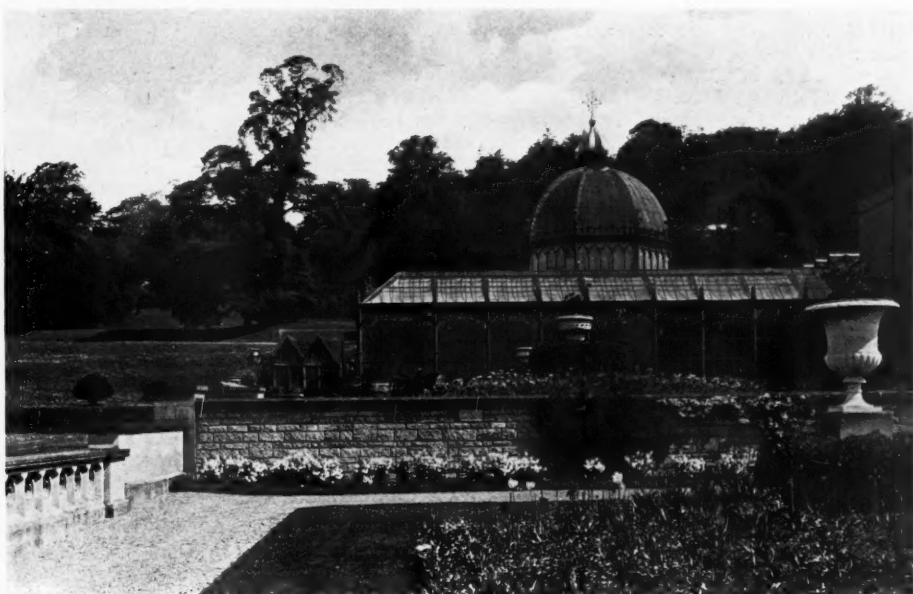


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FROM THE WEST

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Somersetshire half a century ago, though a shire famous in history, was little known to the country at large. Lying remote and cut off from many parts of the country by its geographical position, it retained much that seemed primitive, and had an individuality of its own. Its peasantry, with their quaint tongue, were picturesque figures, and in every village something of attraction was to be found. There was history and legend in almost every one of them. There were beautiful relics of our old architecture—the dwelling-places of former times still occupied in these. In the market-places the sights and sounds seemed to belong to an age that had departed. Glastonbury, glorious in the legend of its thorn, and in the nobility of its architecture, the palace of Wells, the abbey of Cleve, and many other ancient remains were there to attest the large place which Somersetshire held in the ecclesiastical life of the land. Montacute and Dunster, Ashley Combe and Leigh Court, Clevedon and Ammerdown, and a score more of old mansions to be easily named, told how the old gentry had lived in the shire. The coming of the railway made Somersetshire better known to Englishmen at large, and their acquaintance with it added to its fame. The beauties of Exmoor,



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THE CONSERVATORY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

weather, from whose shade, as one drives nigh, a soft grey owl may dart, and flit, ghost-like and silently, through the trees.

Not many hundred feet away, pedestrian and cyclist, tripper and carrier, go past without so much as dreaming of the little church and its silent sleepers lying so near. Sometimes they stop at the spot to watch a squirrel sporting among the branches of tall fir and larch, to gather, in autumn, the great bunches of scarlet berries that droop heavily from the mountain ash, or the black fruit of the bramble that stretches its long purple stems across the ditch hidden by weed and undergrowth, thistle and bindweed, and yellow dandelion; but they venture no further into the gloom among the trees, and the little Acre of God's lies year after year neglected and undisturbed. The old bell hangs cracked in the tower, the windows are broken, the tiles displaced. Through the holes flit bats and owls, sparrows and starlings build their nests about the eaves, and in the nettles are slimy toads. All around the wall these nettles grow dank and deep, "cuckoo's spittle" covers them, and bleached eggshells lie white among them, thrown, year after year, from the nests above. Ragged robins share the ground, the peculiar pungent odour of their leaves lingers

about the place, a few red and white campions make a little more colour among the dank weeds and undergrowth. The tiles of the church are covered with moss and stoneweed, and strange plants, dear to botanists, may be found pushing their roots between the stones.

The wall that must once have surrounded the churchyard has crumbled away, not a sign being left, save for one or two grassy mounds, under which may lie its stones and masonry. The path which led to it has also vanished, claimed by moss and weeds and the undergrowth of the woods. On one or two of the stones the skull and crossbones may still be traced, but name and date are obliterated. On one is carved what seems to be a mason's trowel and compass; through another, lying flat, a tree has grown and broken it across. Bluebells may be found growing on the graves in spring, and a few primroses; later on, the white flowers of the garlic shine like stars, and its sickening odour poisons the air. There is a new church now in the village lying below, a hideous iron erection, an eyesore to God and man. Here the villagers sing the old hymns and pray the old prayers that their forefathers prayed in the little church in the wood, which they have forgotten, or remember only the ghosts said to haunt it. Those who know where it lies visit it not, especially after nightfall, when the spirits of the dead flit among the trees and tombs, when strange blue lights are said to gleam from out the broken windows of the church, when eldritch cries are heard.

Truth to tell it is a ghostly place in the moonlight, when the old black walls rise up against tree and sky, when the ivy rustles now and then in the breeze, when the owl hoots, and the stones throw shadows longer than themselves. On such a night, and in such a place, one might expect to catch a glimpse of ancient Medea grubbing in the ground, with long lean hands and bent back, for the herbs that did undo old Jason, or of that dim sweet princess of fairy-love, gathering nettles to make the shirts for the seven white swans. Here she would have found nettles enough for all the seven, even the last unfinished sleeve of the hapless youngest brother. But time passes, and Medea comes not, nor the princess, and the nettles grow danker.

If any ghost came it might be of a gay young squire in boot and spur, drawn there to wander over the red-gold hair of his victim, who has lain long with her baby on her breast. Or perhaps the honest yeoman, who sleeps a few graves off with his wife and children, may leave his partner's side sometimes and steal across to where she lies above.

A. H. B.



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THE TERRACE STEPS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

THINGS ABOUT OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD.

WHAT I said the other day about pigs has given Betty some offence—I don't know why; she and I both love pigs, but while she sees them as pigs, I see them as poetry. A delightful Baronne we had staying with us, when Chessie, our loveliest Tamworth, was still young (she is two years old now, and just a little *blasé* with domestic experiences), always appealed so much to me.

"But that is not a peeg," exclaimed Madame, gazing upon the beautiful beast where it lay under a light canopy of Japanese hop-trails in the June sunlight, "that is an enchanted Princess!"

I remember it was Friday, and the pigs are always washed on Fridays. Bingle was, of course, mistily sceptical, as usual, about the washing business. I say "mistily" because he had no earthly reason to give why a pig should not be washed. He had, till Betty began keeping them, conceived of pigs as animals excessively dirty in their habits—many people do—failing to realise that the average sty of villagers' pigs proves something entirely different—namely, that man is excessively dirty in his habits. Man is satisfied to have things dirty and to be dirty; public opinion alone enforces upon him a certain measure of personal cleanliness; he makes himself clean because he would not like people to say or to think he was not clean. Pigs, so far as they can, achieve the same result from far different and far higher motives. One pig in a sty, with no other pig to look at it or pass remarks upon it, and with no certain hope of any casual pig-callers, will give the most pathetic attention to the arrangement of its sty and its bed-chamber, and will carry its bed, straw by straw almost, into the cleanest corner man's untidiness permits it to have. That it wallows in mud is not for a moment to be urged against its devotion to cleanliness; the curative and sanative value of mud is indisputable, as any doctor at a foreign *Kur-Ort* will tell us, and that it is the most luxurious stuff to bathe in, I am well assured. Mother used to

go to Ilidze, in Bosnia, every summer to take the mud-baths, and nobody ever said a word against that.

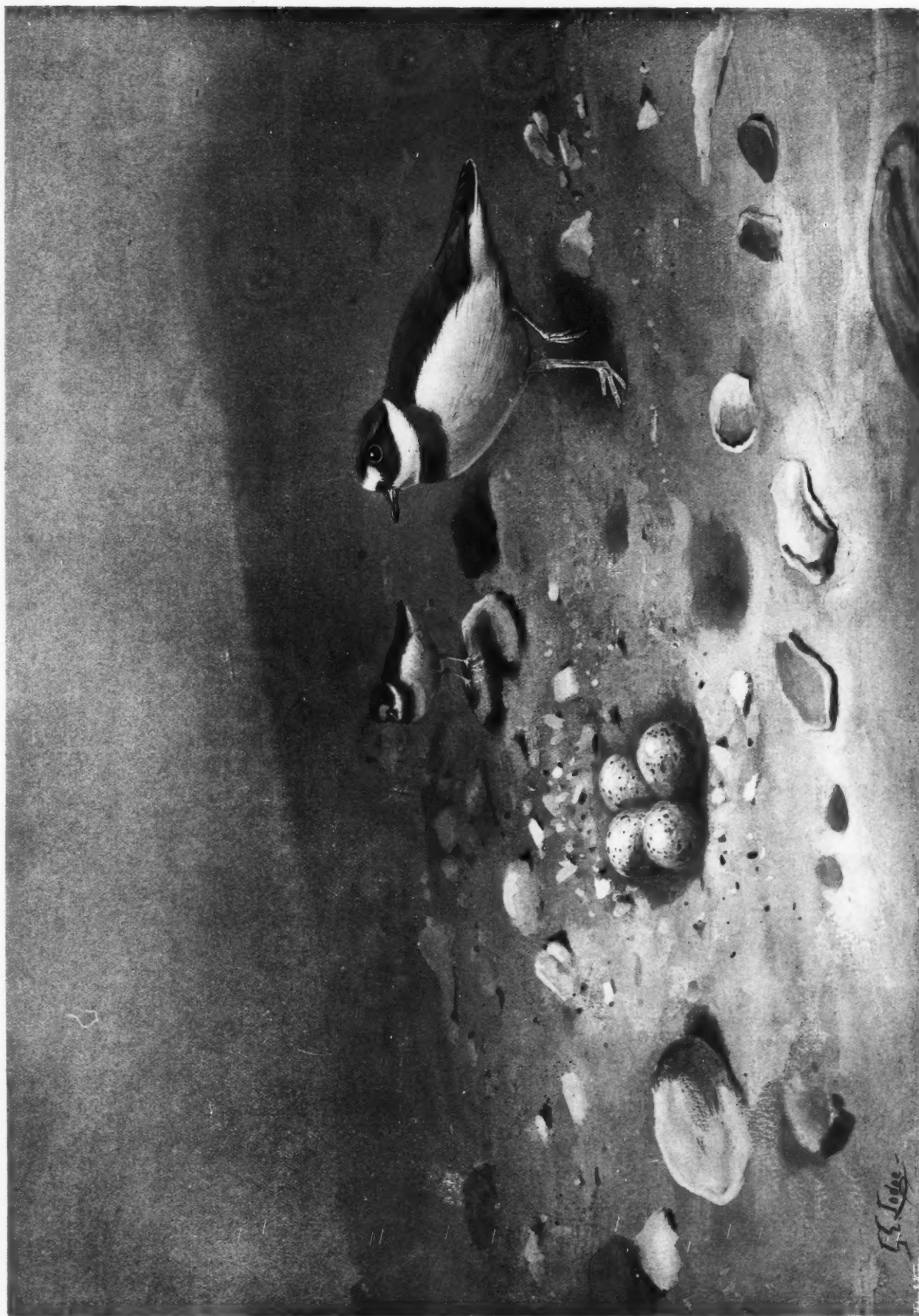
Our pigs' homes are kept just as nicely as the stables, with the consequence that they are delightful places to lounge round on Sunday mornings. (No doubt on other mornings, but there is a subtle something about Sunday that leads us all inevitably to the pig-courts; I can't analyse it, but it is there this impulse, deeply engrafted in every human being, and in happy natural conditions it will out.)

The cows we keep like horses, too. The boy now takes a warm pride in currying them in winter and smacking the water-brush over their amazing hollows when their coats are off; the fine satin skin that a good cow always has repays labour. In a week or two, they will be painted all down the back, with a mixture of sweet oil, oil of tar and sulphur, for the odious warble-fly begins to be about in May and June, and frightful things happen if this beast is permitted to lay its eggs in their skin.

All our information on this point was got from one of the late Miss Ormerod's valuable pamphlets, but we found ourselves the only people in the neighbourhood who took the least trouble about it; the farmers regard warbles as one of those things that "have to happen," and are inured to the fearsome surgical operations of April, when the lumps in the animals' flesh begin to be noticeable and the dreadful maggot is almost matured. I suppose this will be thought too unpleasant to be written about, much less spoken about, but anybody who has once been through the experience will feel the trifling trouble of the painting to be eminently worth while.

Cows suffer maddeningly from flies of all kinds, and as they are really very highly-strung animals, for all their cud-chewing air of placidity, and go off their milk for the very smallest causes, one should at least avail one's self of all reasonable means to give them peace.

The more I see and know of cows, the less inclined I am to



By G. E. Lodge.

RINGED PLOVER.

From a Drawing

think them insensitive creatures. We weigh our milk, each cow's milk separately, on the Sandringham bucket weighing-machine—and a cold shower of rain at one o'clock will affect the four o'clock milking in one of our best cows—the lovely brindled Saffron to wit; while any undue excitement, such as the hounds coming through the park, robs us of a pint almost from Cherry.

We began, as most amateurs do begin, by keeping Jerseys. Why does anybody who takes up cows always pine to start with Jerseys? I don't know, but it's a perfectly regular thing: people "like the look of them"; if you ask why, they say, "Oh, I don't know—they're so like deer." What in the world do people want cows to be like deer for? But we were just like that when we began. All our friends used to look out of the window or stroll round the paddock and say how like deer the cows were—and it made us glow with pride and pleasure; I've not the remotest idea why.

Of course they gave splendid milk, those Jerseys, but not very much of it, and when bull calves had to be sold the butcher looked disparagingly at them and said that they were small—too small. Whereupon it occurred to us to have Guernsey cows (although they do not look like deer), because they give equally fine milk, more of it, and are much larger. It was while the change was being made that we lit on Saffron. Whatever came or went, Betty and I were settled on one point: we would have nothing that was not pure-bred at the Manor. "A pure-bred animal costs no more to feed than a mongrel." Betty had found this luminous platitude in a notable Agricultural Journal, and threw it at me from time to time. I was convinced of the profound truth of the statement, but it was left to Esmeralda to point out that though the pure-bred creature costs no more to feed, it costs much more to buy. "For my part," she added, in her clinching way, "I like mongrels; if they are accepted, it is because they are apt to be sound on the main point. A mongrel cow would hardly dare not to be a good milker; now a pure-bred cow thinks nothing of it; she takes a little thing like that in her stride." And she quoted to us the awful case of the "Cup" hen, a certain Black Spanish fowl, of exquisite symmetry and almost artificial perfection of feather—who had never laid an egg.

The whole argument came to a head over the buying of the heifer Saffron. Bingle recommended her; Bingle said he had never known a brindle cow that wasn't worth having. There is a potent predilection in the country in favour of brindle cows, and I have never been able to fathom it, but I own to liking a brindle cow myself. Saffron was a brindle; she had, too, that orange lining to her ears that proved some Island blood. Her hoofs were reddish orange, and she had a nicely tinted nose; there was orange there, too. We knew nothing about cows when we bought her, and we gave eight guineas for her, and told the astute robber who sold her to us that we thought her wonderfully cheap. We never say this kind of thing now.

She was due to calve in three months' time; she roamed alone over an emerald paddock *en attendant*. When the three months, and even four months, had elapsed without any calf making its *début*, Bingle said he would like to speak to me in the potting-shed. I hastened to the appointment, and with some trouble he disinterred from the confused recesses of his mind the nervous apprehension that she was a barren, and that the astute robber had taken us in over the matter. He admitted that he had, no later than that morning, given her a bucket of cold water, and the supposed calf had not kicked as it ought to have done. It took him a long time to say all this, because he was not then accustomed to our attitude in such matters. Whether it is owed to our being brought up abroad, where much simpler views of life prevail in some matters, I don't know, but we have none of us that strange habit so common in England of regarding the births of the beautiful farm creatures as a scandal that ought to be hushed up. On the other hand, we take the frankest pleasure in these recurrent joys. Over Saffron we were duly concerned; experience has to be bought, even when you pay eight guineas for it and it is nicely brindled all over down to its ankles—but the thing annoyed us, none the less. There is also that canon of agricultural life to be met and accepted, that it is entirely fair and right that "gentle folks" should be "had" and "done" by the professional and the peasant whenever they are rash enough to meet him on his own ground.

A vague laugh at our expense, as we were fully conscious, was echoing softly round the lintels of the "Ring o' Bells" and the dusky portals of the Smithy, when Saffron, who was and is a surreptitious beast, though her cream is solid and obvious enough, produced a very meagre calflet, also brindled but on a browner ground, whom we called Cinnamon.

That chuckle must have died away by the lintels of the "Ring o' Bells," and it is probable that the astute robber was chafed when he visited the Smithy.

The whole thing reminded me of the closing verse of

a poem of Bryant's, I think, that lucid and sweet-voiced American poet:

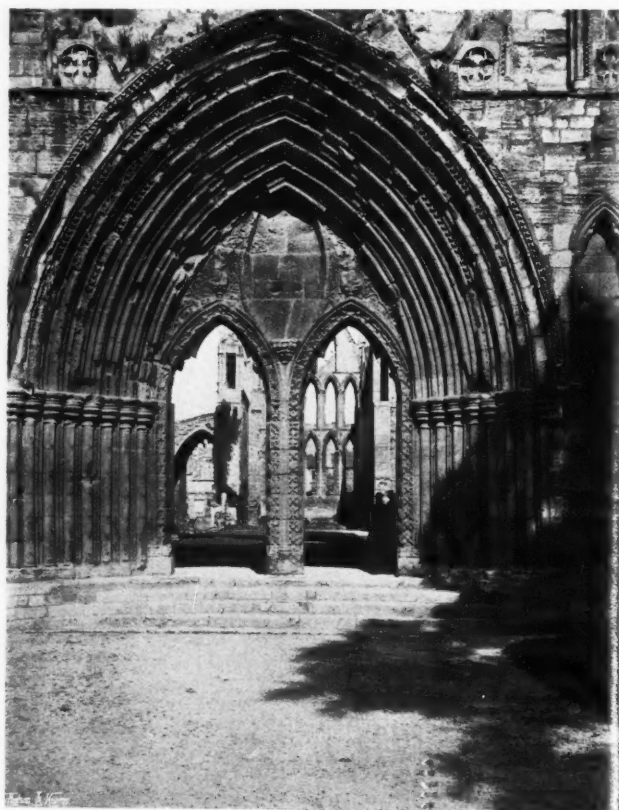
"And when the soft midsummer moon
Rose o'er that grassy lawn,
Beside the silver-footed deer
There grazed a spotted fawn!"

Saffron did and does give the finest milk we ever see at the Manor. It is not so yellow as the two pure-bred Guernseys'; it is not, seemingly, so thick when it passes through the sieve, which is when we judge it; but it is butter-rich in a surprising degree. She is a small cow, not a "three-gallon cow" at all; but she can outdo any of them at weight of butter; and to drink, her milk is fine and nutty, with none of the soapy quality that I dislike so much.

We know a great deal more about cows than we did when we bought her, but I am still sure that she was our finest purchase. Another time I will tell how we feed her and something of the rest of our spicey-christened herd.

ELGIN CATHEDRAL.

FEW of the great ecclesiastical buildings, abbeys and cathedrals, which in the Middle Ages formed the glory of this country and excited the admiration of foreigners, have not had to deplore disasters repeated in every age, whether from the fury of the elements or the ravages of man; but probably Elgin, "the Lantern of the North," the finest of all the cathedrals of Scotland, if we except Glasgow, has from the earliest times of its existence suffered more than most others. Though only founded in 1223 by Bishop Andrew de Moray, it was already in 1270 destroyed by fire, and again in 1392 it suffered the same fate at the hands of the dreaded Alexander Stewart, "the Wolf of Badenoch," a natural son of King Robert II. A graphic account of this conflagration may be found in "The Wolf of Badenoch," an historical romance written in the second decade of last century by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder (a friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott's), who describes the spectators, the affrighted citizens, gazing on the scene of destruction: "They could see that the college, the church of St. Giles, and the hospital of the Maison Dieu were burning; but these were all forgotten, as they beheld the dire spectacle of the cathedral illuminated throughout all the rich tracing of its Gothic windows by a furious fire that was already raging high within it." And he narrates the tragic fate of the "Wolf's" son, who perished in the flames which his sacrilegious father had kindled. He also describes the return of the Bishop with his chapter; they beheld the still smoking ruins from afar, and the Bishop cries, "*O speculum patrie et decus regni!* O glory and honour of Scotland, behold thee for the sins of us the guilty servants of



THE WEST DOOR OF ELGIN CATHEDRAL.

a just God yielded up a prey to the destroyers!"

In 1402 the town was again given over to the flames and the cathedral pillaged. In 1506 the great central tower fell. In the latter half of the sixteenth century Regent Moray caused the roof to be stripped of its lead. Wind and weather had now free play, and the final blow may be said to have been struck when in 1640 the Covenanters hewed down the glorious rood with its carved and gilded work and the image of the Redeemer. Early in the eighteenth century fell again the central tower, which had been partly rebuilt, and after that the great church seems to have been regarded as quarry by the inhabitants of the city. Yet in spite of all this series of misfortunes enough remains to be a striking monument to the faith and devotion of our forefathers, and one can still realise what a majestic appearance the church must have presented in the clear northern air, with its two massive western towers, the central tower and spire at the crossing of the transepts, and the two graceful turrets flanking the east end.

The great western portal, with its twin doorways under a deep recess of exquisite Early English moulding, is still wonderfully perfect, and gazing through it one sees the beautiful double row of five lancets crowned with the great rose window—spoiled, alas! of its tracery—which pierce the eastern wall. Under this wall was the Altar of Our Lady, for the High Altar stood in the easternmost bay of the choir of four bays. As will be seen from the illustrations, there was no triforium, and the clerestory was lighted by lancets placed in couples. The octagonal chapter-house, with its roof of graceful vaulting springing from a central pillar, is tolerably perfect.



THE RUINS AND GRAVEYARD.

Upon the pillar is a stone desk for the support of a book. In the south transept there are some interesting episcopal and other tombs. No one who visits Elgin should fail to make an excursion to the splendid ruins of Pluscardine, a Cistercian house, only about six miles distant. T. N. D. L.

TWO MAIDS AND A MAN.—III.

IN THREE PARTS.

By EVELYN E. RYND.

"THERE was that baker as rushed away in a steep decline," said Mrs. Shepherd that night, while weeping bitterly, "honily because I looked 'ardly on 'im when a-bringin' of the bread round, which I done it from sheer conscience, me seein' the dreadful state of 'is 'eart from the 'arrowing way 'e arsked, 'Two penny or one tuppenny, Miss?' hevery mornin', an' feelin' obliged to stop the same. But it made no difference. Away 'e rushed, an' there wasn't no checkin' of 'im once 'e started, which you may smile, Mollie Shepherd, but you'll be sorry when too late, an' Mrs. Brown a-tellin' of me 'ow Mary Straker sets 'er cap at 'im, as 'as twice your colour, not to speak of figger."

"Oh, Mary Straker—I'm sick of Mary Straker," said Mollie, in soft exasperation. "Mother, Saul isn't that sort. 'E wouldn't a-wanted me if 'e 'ad been, for I'm far beneath 'im, too, if Mary Straker is further. I oughter know, mother."

"They're all that sort," said Mrs. Shepherd, weeping afresh, "an' generally when you least heggpects it. An' heaven if Saul don't know it 'imself yet, through bein' clever, 'e's too 'andsome not to come to it some day. An' someone helse 'll show it 'im, if you don't. What's that I seed 'im give you when 'e said good-night?"

"'The Lay of the Ancient Mariner,'" said Mollie, her eyes lighting. "It's lovely! a book of potry."

"A book!" wailed the outraged Mrs. Shepherd. "An' a hancient one! I don't see no cause to look so 'appy. If 'e'd a-give you a kiss it 'ud been more 'opeful. Why didn't you kiss 'im, Mollie? You should a offered to kiss 'im, Mollie."

But Mollie was already deep in her book.

The next night, as Saul, after leaving Mollie at her door, came towards his own isolated cottage across the wide hawthorned common round which the village was built, he heard a light step near him, and out of the soft starlit darkness a low voice spoke:

"Good evenin', Mr. Tharborough."

"Good evening," said Saul, uncertainly. Then, as he made out the figure near him in the dim light, "Oh! good evening," he repeated, coldly, and took a step forward.

"I beg pardon for stoppin' you, sir," said the gentle accents, "but this is yourn, aint it? I found it in Piper's Lane."

She held out a thick kid glove as she spoke.

"Mine?" said Saul, involuntarily. "Yes, so it is; thank

you. I am much obliged to you. How did you know it was mine?"

"You wears it, sir," said Mary Straker, simply. "'Ow helse should I know?"

"Oh! ah! yes; thank you," said Saul. "Good-night."

But as he attempted to thrust the glove hastily into his pocket and moved to go on it fell between them.

Mary sprang forward. "Let me, sir," she said, eagerly, and before he could stoop she had picked it up.

"I could have done that very well for myself, thank you," he said, stiffly.

"Not while I'm near to do it for you," said Mary Straker, disappearing into the darkness. "Good-night, Mr. Tharborough."

"That Mary Straker you were speaking of seems a quieter girl than I took her for, though she does perhaps force herself on people's notice too much," said Saul, critically, a few days later.

"'Ow do you know?" said Mollie, sharply and sweetly.

Saul recounted the incident of the glove. He did not repeat Mary Straker's remarks; they had sounded rather foolish even from her own lips.

"But she spoke quietly enough—not to say respectfully," he added, with a half laugh.

"P'r'aps she is tryin' to be a better girl than people takes her for," said Mollie, doubtfully. "I don't know."

She was silent a moment then. "Poor thing!" she added, with a sudden sweet smile. "She 'as such a rough 'ard 'ome, Saul. She can't 'ardly 'elp bein' rough an' wild 'erself. P'r'aps she really is tryin' to be quieter an' more respectable."

Two or three times in the following week Saul and Mary Straker happened to meet and pass each other, and each time Mary greeted him with a modest, gentle greeting, which he could do no less than return. Thus Saturday morning came round again. It was Saul's custom to get through a great deal of his own reading in the very early hours, finding himself too tired after his long day at the works to do much hard work in the evening, and sometimes, over some knotty problem or difficult application, he would go out and walk, that the swing of his tramping feet might impel his brain.

As he opened his door in the dewy dawn of Saturday morning he saw Mary Straker.

She was standing in the road just outside his garden, her

profile to him, over a huge bulging sack that lay at her feet. Her attitude had the abandoned relief of one who has just dropped a burden too heavy for his strength. She was in the act of drawing a deep breath; her freed shoulders were flung back, her hands hung straight by her sides, her head was up, her whole figure stretched and erect. Her cotton skirt, wet with dew from the byeways through which she had passed, clung closely round her hips. About her lifted face, and low on her neck behind, curled the strong virile hair, that no neglect or roughness could rob of its shine and spring, and her bodice, open at the neck for lack of its first button, showed the fine base of a throat that was set in its place like a strong white pillar in its socket.

Beyond her stretched the dewy common, about her poured the early sun, and in the keen, sweet morning air her cheeks were glowing like the eastern sky itself.

At the sound of the opening door she faced about with an undisguised start. When she saw Saul she started again and gasped. The colour sank from her face, then rushed up in a flood of rosiness. Taken absolutely by surprise, and unable to recover her self-possession, she stooped with a hurried movement, and made a futile effort to lift the sack; then raised herself, glanced desperately at Saul and around, and paused again, confused, abashed, her breath coming quickly, her bosom rising and falling. She was a figure to arrest the eyes and startle the senses—a vision like the dawn incarnate.

Saul stood motionless. He saw the sudden pallor at the sight of him, the blush that succeeded it, the impulse to escape. He saw, for he could not help himself, the shame of self-revelation that assailed the girl taken completely off her guard; and, in that same moment, he saw that she was beautiful. Thus it came about that that which hours of preparation and weeks of coy assault could never have achieved was done by one moment's surprise.

A new feeling throbbed suddenly in Saul. He flushed himself, as at a startling perception. There was another moment's deep silence, then he came forward and opened the gate. "That load is too heavy for you," he said. "Where are you taking it?"

"Down to Jones's," said Mary Straker, unsteadily. Saul glanced keenly at her, and as she lifted her eyes she met his. Her own dropped hurriedly, and the colour rushed into her cheeks again. He stooped, swung the sack on to his shoulders, and started down the road. Like one under a spell, Mary followed him.

Gradually she came back to a degree of consciousness and coherent thought. This was not the rôle she had planned, nor this the way she had thought to reveal herself to him when they should come together. She had seen herself coy, arch, provocative, chaffing, challenging, daring, in one breath; as brilliant as Mollie Shepherd was dreamy, as alluring as she was self-contained, as willing as the other was independent.

Now she could not say a word. She dared barely glance at the tall figure moving beside her, hardly bending under the load that had made her own supple waist sway as if it would snap. Silent, abreast, a man and woman as fine as ever elemental forces formed, they moved down the road together.

Suddenly Mary stopped; her breast heaved.

"Stop," she said, and Saul paused, and, turning his head, looked at her again.

"I can't 'ave you carryin' my loads for me," she said, breathlessly. "Drop it, Saul Tharborough!"

"Nonsense," said Saul, with a half laugh, and went on.

"Drop it," she repeated, following him, her voice breaking on a passionate sob. "It's what I should be doin' for you, not you for me. It's what I would do for you. Drop it, Saul Tharborough, I can't stand you servin' me."

"You've a queer notion of the right relation between a man and a woman," said Saul, briefly, going on unmoved.

Hers was less queer than his as a matter of fact, for hers was the primitive savage notion that it did not take a civilisation to explain, as did his.

"Oh! put it down, put it down," she repeated, following him like a child.

"Why, Mary?" said Saul, stopping short, for she was crying.

He stood a moment in absolute silence looking at her. She looked back at him with tear-drowned, half-defiant eyes.

"Don't you want me to carry it for you?" he said, at last.

"No, I don't," she said, with another loud unrestrained sob. "Whatever others does, I won't 'ave you servin' me. It aint fit. It aint fit that no one in this villidge should let you serve 'em. Oh, put it down."

After another moment's silence he looked at her strangely, swung the sack off his back, and dropped it in the road.

Mary flew at it.

"Elp me up," she said, breathlessly.

Without a word he lifted and adjusted the sack on her shoulders. They quivered under his touch.

"This work is too heavy for you," he said, shortly.

"I've got me mother to keep," she answered, her voice still shaking with its despairing defiance. "An' I'm strong enough. Oh, I know it makes a girl rough an' 'ard, especially by the side of some in this villidge as is quick enough to toss their 'eads. An' the boys makes free with you, an' no one respectable won't 'ardly look at you, but it's better to do it than to let your mother go to the work'ouse, though she does drink 'alf you earns."

A sudden throb of compassion shot through Saul, a sudden sense of a strange comradeship with this burdened girl of the people. His origin was no better than hers; he himself was no better than she. His eyes softened; his glance changed. Mary did not see it.

She turned round and faced him. She was bent nearly double under her load.

"If you wants any payment for what you have done," she said, hurriedly, "you can take it."

She did not lift her eyes, but, flushing, downcast, silent, she raised her face to his. When they turned from each other, Saul went straight back to his cottage.

Two weeks after, as the man walked his floor late one night, he heard a faint tap at his door. He stopped as though he had been shot, then swung round, and faced it.

"Come in," he said.

The door opened timidly,

and Mary Straker stood on his threshold. Behind her stretched the dark night; on her shy, shining eyes, her flushed cheeks and gleaming hair fell the soft light of his shaded lamp.

She stood still, her eyes seeking his for permission, half afraid, half tremulously sure of her welcome.

"I saw you was alone through the window," she said, breathlessly.

Saul said nothing for a moment. The marks of a two weeks' struggle was on his face. It looked older by years, and the dreaming thoughtfulness was gone from it for ever. The light of a struggle abandoned shone in his tired eyes; it is just as strong and steady as the light of a struggle won.

"Come in," he said again, a deep, deliberate note in his voice. "I have been thinking of you without a pause ever since that Saturday morning."

She came in towards him, gentle, subdued, enchanting. She was a new creature; she had risen out of her passion for him, like Aphrodite out of her delivering seas. So, to make possible the coming together of these two, the necessary and pitiful change had been effected. The girl was nobler, the man worse.

"I thought perhaps you wouldn't let me," she said, catching her breath in a half sob.



Miss A. Hughes.

52, Gower Street.

MISS MYRTLE FARQUHARSON.

"I will," he said.

She smiled and flushed; then her eyes went round his room and her smile faded.

"Aint there no one to tidy up for you?" she asked, in tones of horror. Even her own home had looked different since she had looked on Saul, and that his should show one sign of missing the ministrations of a woman's hands was dreadful.

"Not a soul," said Saul; "at least, not a soul who cares a hang how things look. Come in and tidy for me, Mary."

But Mary Straker paused still and looked at him.

"Aint Mollie Shepherd never been over 'ere?" she said, half timidly, half fiercely. Saul's eyes narrowed, and he shut his teeth as though on a sudden unexpected pang. Then he laughed.

"Oh, yes!" he said, shortly; "she comes to read and study, not to tidy, though she does sometimes set things straight in an incidental kind of way. Never mind Mollie Shepherd. Come in and tidy for me, Mary."

He put out his hand to the window near him, and, still with his eyes upon her, drew down the blind.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

HARD TIMES FOR SWALLOWS.

ANOTHER week of unfavourable winds has brought us to May 9th, without a single resident house-martin having returned to take up its quarters under the eaves, although on the same day last year even the swifts, latest of all the "swallow" birds, had arrived. Day by day, too, one has been grieved to see the swallows and sand-martins, hawking over the water in the teeth of the north-east wind, growing fewer. It may be, of course, that some of them have discovered better places in which to hunt for food; but I do not think so. The pond seems to be their last resort; because, although there are always some swallows near it, they only assemble there in numbers when the weather is very inclement, and the sand-martins only come at such times, for their home is in some gravel-pits nearly two miles away. So I fear that their decreasing numbers may mean a high rate of mortality, owing to their inability to find sufficient food in such a spiteful spring as this has been to them so far. And the fear is confirmed by the fact that yesterday, at 8 p.m., when the growing dusk was thickened by black clouds, heavy with hail and rain, spreading up the sky with the wind, all the swallows and sand-martins were still hawking over the pond with that singe twittering note constantly repeated that one always associates in their case with distress. Immediately afterwards they were caught in the cold storm of rain and hail; and in what condition to resume their struggle for life on the morrow could the weaker sand-martins have been after being forced, in spite of their hunger, to fight their way in the half-dark and through the storm to their homes in the distant gravel-pits.

ESCAPING SOUTH?

One hopes, of course, that in such hard cases the habit of migration comes once more to the aid of the small birds. Two or three hundred miles is an easy morning's journey for a swift-winged bird with a strong wind behind it; and why should we suppose that the life-saving habit of flying with the wind, which takes them safely to southern lands when autumn grows cold and insects scarce, should desert the swallow tribes in spring when similar conditions prevail? Even if they had to go as far as the South Coast to find cliff-sheltered valleys where their own kind were dwelling in safety and there was food enough for all, it would be well within their power any day; and, bearing in mind what tens of thousands of inclement springs their race must have encountered in the past, it seems little to assume that Nature may have taught them to retrace part of their northward flight when the weather shows that they had advanced too far for the season.

WIND-GIFTS.

Thus it may be that the same north-east wind which makes it so difficult for our newly-arrived swallows to live provides them with a means of escape which they can use any day. For you will generally find that what Nature takes away with one hand she gives with the other. Thus, last week I wrote of the withering effect of the wind on our exposed coast; but for the vegetation which it checks and destroys even the fierce north-easter gives us something in return. It is in these coastward districts that the gnarled hedges are most thickly crusted with grey and yellow lichens, whose spores have been brought oversea by the wind from the lichen-covered pine forests of Norway with the pollen from the pine trees. From oversea, too, would seem to come the spores of that hardy little fernlike fern, the wall rue, which soon appears upon the north side of walls that face the sea. The north is its natural aspect, of course, for the heat of the summer sun would be too much for even its wonderful drought-resisting powers in any other position; but when you find the wall rue clustering upon the north side only of a wall that faces the North Sea, with no place between where such a plant could grow, it seems clear that the spores must have come from oversea. For the spores are specially adapted for carriage by the wind, and it is not easy to see how any wind but a north wind could lodge them in the crevices of the north side of a perpendicular wall.

LINGERING WINTER VISITORS.

We could gladly dispense with some of the wall rue and lichens, however, to have less of the north and east winds in spring. Since April 20th the migration of birds, which ought to have been most brisk, has been almost at a standstill. The hoodie crows had just managed to get off before the unfavourable winds set in; but flocks of fieldfares remained, as well as some small companies of linnets, starlings, and wood-pigeons; and these flocks of familiar birds, which keep together until late spring in such seasons as this, would seem to be foreign migrants, because they disappear as soon as the wind turns to a favourable quarter. At the same time our own linnets are nesting, and the resident starlings and wood-pigeons have young, while first broods of mistle-thrushes and song-thrushes left the nests on April 28th and 29th respectively. Birds of such powerful flight and limited migration as gulls can hardly be dependent upon the winds in their movements; but a much larger

number of immature common gulls and herring-gulls appear to have remained loafing about over the fields than usual. Few farming operations which turn up worms are now in progress; and such inveterate egg stealers as these gulls are up to no good when they haunt our breezy uplands in early May.

SKILFUL DEFENCE.

The plover knows this well enough; and when the gulls come drifting on easy wings over the horizon and lightly curve towards that bosom-slope of rolling land on which his brown-blotched treasures lie under the sky, he becomes a positive maniac of aerial agility, hunting, as it seems, half-a-dozen gulls off the premises at once. They know well enough that the eggs are there; for, if the plover's pursuit of one gull seems to take him to a safe distance for an instant, all the others sail, like war-ships on a "curve of search," towards the sacred spot. But the plover is a judge of distance as well as a master of speed, and before the gulls realise that he is coming back he is among them, swooping and dashing like an eccentric firework, and they have to go.

PUNCTUAL BIRDS.

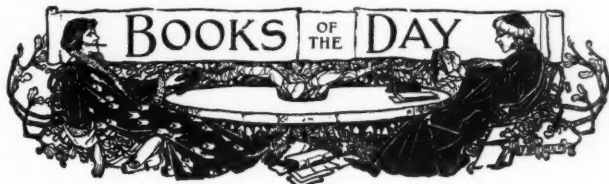
Between eleven and one at midday and after six in the evening are the hours when the plover's nest lies in peril of the gulls, for these birds regulate their movements ashore by the clock in a way that puzzles the observer at first. While other birds, such as the wild geese, and to a great extent the hoodie crows, arrange their going and coming, to and from the sea, by the tides, which change their time from day to day, the gulls may always be seen flying seaward at 4 p.m. in winter, and soon after six in spring. At both seasons also they may be seen wandering through the air at a quarter past eleven in the morning. Being seabirds, they have never learnt the trick of listening for worms in the ground like plovers and thrushes, and so they are dependent upon the ploughmen who turn up their food for them; and, at eleven in the morning, when the ploughmen go to dinner, and again at four in winter or six in spring, when they leave off work for the day, the gulls are thrown upon their own resources. Then they drift away to their home, the sea, and gather what food they can there, unless they elect to spend the midday interval in winter robbing the plovers of their worms, or in spring trying to rob them of their eggs.

A CHAMPION WORM-SWALLOWER.

The worm, to judge by the keen competition which goes on for his possession, and the specially-adapted senses which some birds have acquired for catching him, must be a very appetising person from the bird point of view. Also, he must be amazingly digestible. While I have been writing, a thrush, who has eggs in an evergreen in the shrubbery opposite, has made one of her periodical visits to the lawn for a hurried meal, and disposed of two lobworms. The first seemed as long as herself, and very stout and purple at one end. It stoutly resisted extraction, and the thrush had to plant her feet firmly and pull till she almost stood on tiptoe before it gave way. She made a great business of knocking it about afterwards; indeed, she knocked it into three pieces, and so swallowed it in instalments. The second worm seemed quite as long as the other, but it came out easily, and the bird swallowed it straight away without any preliminary ill-usage. Then, her neck still bulging with the enormous mouthful, she flew straight back to her nest again. This is her average performance; yet if a man swallowed two conger eels as long as himself, one of them alive, he would feel quite uncomfortable afterwards.

ECCENTRIC MUSICIANS.

This worm-swallower's husband frequents the same lawn for his meals, and is an eccentric musical genius. As he goes about the lawn he sings "between worms," and then, for no apparent reason, sits still and utters a chattering alarm note. But his most remarkable performance is reserved for the occasions when he sits up in a tree and lays himself out to sing like other thrushes. Then he produces an ascending scale of four notes, suddenly interpolated into the middle of his song, and producing an effect totally unlike that of any British songster, though it suggests to a slight degree the iterated rising notes of the Indian "brain-fever bird." This performance of the thrush has evidently taken the fancy of our gifted starling on the south gable, for he now whistles a four-note scale too, but in such a human manner that, even when you have identified the whistler twenty times, you look round expecting a boy at the twenty-first. Why this, or any other equally gifted starling, which can whistle like a boy, imitate peewit and redshank, to perfection, and also mimic the sound of a trotting horse on the distant highway, should still fizzle and splutter by way of singing at his best is one of those minor puzzles which confront you at every turn in Nature. For some good and sufficient reason, fizzling and spluttering is the best sort of song for starlings; but why? E. K. R.



MR. W. W. JACOBS goes on from strength to strength, and, in the opinion of one of his most devoted admirers, or to be more accurate, of one of the captives of his sword of wit, *At Sunnich Port* (Newnes) is even better than any of his preceding works. "Captive" is in this case a word chosen by reason of its precise applicability, for I must confess with shame but in all candour that time was when Mr. Jacobs did not appeal to me; but now he has taken me prisoner bodily because he has compelled me to recognise that he is a genuine artist, who has made a special and singular grade of society entirely his own, whose wit is always pointed and always clean as a new pin, who understands to a nicety the countless whimsicalities and, at the same time, the human realities of those odd men and women whom he revels in painting. Moreover, ludicrous though they are, and frank as is the tone of the repartee (they would probably pronounce it "reparty" with an accent on the "a") in which they indulge, they are not really caricatures; and that, in my humble opinion, is a point which

is in their favour, even when they are compared to the immortal Mr. Weller.

Mr. Jacob makes us feel Sunwich Port, and even breathe that "honest seafaring smell, compounded of tar, rope, and fish, known to the educated of Sunwich as ozone." He compels us to see the choleric Captain Nugent, whose certificate has just been taken from him for six months, walking through that smell, followed by his steward Samson Wilks, tremulous and bibulous, to the fair-sized house with its little garden in front, which is his home ashore. There at once we meet the heroine, Miss Kate Nugent, a precocious child with a promise of beauty, the mild widow, the Captain's sister, who keeps house for him, the scampish boy, his son Jack, who is to make so much sport for us before the story ends. There, without a particle of effort, we realise how the promotion of Hardy, Captain Nugent's sometime first officer, to Captain Nugent's post as master of the Conqueror involves, as of necessity, a blood feud between the two families, the Nugent family consisting of those already named, while the Hardys are father and son, the latter about the age of Jack Nugent, but a trifle stronger.

Kate it is who plays the part of Helen, so far at least as the promotion of strife goes, and provokes delicious fights between the two little boys. In the first of these, which stirs up a faint memory of that Homeric struggle in Mr. Pett Ridge's "The Human Boy," Kate herself plays a leading part, provoking it first by taunting repetition of the jingle "cowardy, cowardly custard, ate his mother's mustard," and then coming to the rescue of her worsted brother by dragging off James Philip Hardy by the hair of his head. The second is a serious and secret affair of honour, after which John Augustus Nugent is fain to retire to his bedroom with a headache, requiring to be cured by raw beefsteak applied to the eye.

Events move pretty rapidly. Long before Captain Nugent's period of suspension has expired his son Jack has strong views concerning the desirability of a seafaring life for fathers, and he is glad to see the back of his father. Meanwhile, Master Hardy is sent to an aunt in London. In due course Captain Nugent, accompanied by his faithful steward, retires from business, and Jack, after being a conspicuous failure as a bank clerk, is shipped off as an apprentice, deserts in Australia, and comes back to Sunwich an amiable and philosophic loafer with whom the Captain bluntly refuses to have any dealings. About the same time young Hardy also returns to Sunwich Port, to find his old enemy Kate grown into an attractive and high-spirited girl, and enters into partnership with a shipbroker and confirmed practical joker named Swann, who is the *Deus ex machina* of the book. Young Nugent, it should be added, goes to lodge in the house of one Kybird, a low-class second-hand slop seller, who has a sharp-tongued daughter, and nourishes a grudge against Nugent *père*. With the said daughter, one Teddy Silk, a very respectable and dull young man, is keeping company, but he is soon ousted by young Nugent, who has that air of recklessness which appeals to the feminine mind. And Kybird encourages Nugent's suit, because, first, he knows how angry it will make the Captain, and next he is aware of a sum of £500 which, little as Jack Nugent knows it, is coming to him from his dead mother when he reaches the age of twenty-five.

Thereupon the Captain hatches a deep plot, which is nothing less than that one Nat Smith, a boarding-house keeper, shall "crimp" his son and get him in the forecabin of the Conqueror as a stowaway, and a meeting between the Captain and his son is arranged at the house of Mr. Wilks, who does not half like it and keeps out of the way. So the Captain and his son are left alone with the drugged whisky and to the tender mercies of Mr. Smith, who is a friend of Kybird and godfather of the caustic Amelia Kybird. Needs it to be said that he ships off, not the son but the father, and that the latter has a truly terrible time of it in the forecabin of the ship commanded by his ancient enemy. At first the Captain's family are not much alarmed at his disappearance, for he has vanished once before for a while, returning later with a marked disposition to resent inquisitive questions, and finally Mr. Swann is the man who unravels the mystery to his infinite amusement.

After this Mr. Swann is, as I have said, the *Deus ex machina*, the person who compels a series of delightfully complicated problems to resolve themselves. Genuinely attached to Hardy, and determined to further his suit with Kate Nugent to the best of his ability, he perceives that the one thing really needful is to prevent the course of true love between Amelia Kybird and Jack Nugent, who is growing weary of her, from running smooth, and he takes Nat Smith into his confidence, compelling him to be his tool because he has a hold over him. Thus do they work the oracle. Swann takes to his bed, and from his bedside Smith goes to visit Kybird, swelling with the importance of one who has a great secret. With apparent reluctance he imparts the news that he has been one of the witnesses of Swann's will. "He's made 'is will, all shipshape and proper, and 'e's left everything, all that 'ouse property and other things, amounting to over ten thousand pounds, to a young man, becos 'e was jilt—crossed in love—a few months ago, and becos 'e's been a good and faithful servant

to 'im for years." "Don't tell me," said Mr. Kybird, desperately; "don't tell me that 'e's been and left all that money to young Teddy Silk." "Well, I won't if you don't want me to," said the accommodating Mr. Smith, "but mind, it's a dead secret." Then does Mr. Kybird begin to talk of breach of promise, and does Mrs. Kybird ejaculate "The suppers 'e's 'ad 'ere you wouldn't believe"; then does the fair 'Melia consent readily to send Jack Nugent about his business, and does the diplomatic Mr. Kybird bring the disconsolate Teddy back to his old love and cause them to marry hastily and privately, much to the delight of Jack Nugent when he discovers the truth. So eventually are Kate and young Hardy brought together at the end of a book which is one long delight of healthy laughter and of rude but clever repartee. In this the ladies excel principally. It is Ann, the Nugents' servant, who says in the presence of Mr. Wilks, "I knew a man once, miss, who used to prefer to 'ave it (beer) in a wash-hand basin. Odd, ugly-looking man 'e was, like Mr. Wilks in his face, only better looking." It is 'Melia Kybird who, when Nugent finds her sitting with the lovelorn Teddy, observes that she was on the point of going to sleep, "You're not very lively company. I don't think you have spoken a word for the last quarter of an hour, and before that you were talking of death-warnings." And there is a passage of arms between Mrs. Kingdom and Mrs. Kybird "in black satin at its utmost tension and a circular hat set with sable ostrich plumes," which is a joy to gods and men. I give one gem. "Mrs. Kybird looked at her. It was on the tip of her tongue to call her a poll parrot (Mrs. Kingdom had said nothing but 'dear me' repeatedly and freezingly). She was a free-spoken woman as a rule, and it was terrible to have to sit still and waste all the good things she could have said to her in favour of unsatisfying pin-pricks. She sat smouldering. 'I suppose you miss the capt'in very much,' she said at last. 'Very much,' was the reply. 'And I should think 'e misses you,' retorted Mrs. Kybird, unable to restrain herself; 'e must miss your conversation and, what I might call, your liveliness.' . . . 'I am not a great talker, but I am very careful whom I converse with,' said Mrs. Kingdom, in her most stately manner. 'I knew a lady like that once,' said Mrs. Kybird; 'leastways, she wasn't a lady,' she added, meditatively." This, perhaps, is the best little piece in the book, but there are hundreds of scenes almost equally good.

CYGNUS.

A HUNDRED memories come crowding in upon him who, but a few days after Bret Harte has passed away and his pen has been set at rest for ever, takes up *On His Old Trail* (Pearson), and reflects upon the joy which has been given to him in the past by the writer who here says his last word. Bret Harte was emphatically a writer who stood by himself, as though Nature, having made him, had broken the mould. Compare him with his great American contemporary, Mark Twain, and you will find that whereas many men have tried, not altogether in vain, to imitate Mark Twain, who simply represents the quaint dryness of American humour at its very best, Bret Harte has had few imitators, and that of them not one has reached anything approaching to success. The explanation is that Bret Harte, albeit there is an infinity of mellow humour in his prose and verse, had also the true poetic vein. It is impossible to read anything that he wrote without perceiving that he felt what he wrote, and hence comes it that some of the passages have a rare beauty and truthfulness of their own. This last batch of stories is somewhat slight, but more than worth reading. In "A Mercury of the Foothills" we meet that graceful, graceless, gentleman-like scamp Jack Hamlin for the last time; "Colonel Starbottle for the Plaintiff" is delicious, and, at the same time, full of feeling; and "Miss Peggy's Protégés" is as pretty a little story of a child and animals as ever was created by the brain of man. As for "The Goddess of Excelsior," it is the most exquisite combination of whimsicality and pathos conceivable. And that is the end, more's the pity, for Bret Harte is dead, at a comparatively early age, and we shall never smile or feel our hearts grow warm with his again. Fortunately for us, he has left behind him much that will live.

Successful lawyers, with one remarkable exception, have usually been very bad novelists. Mr. H. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C., the author of *A Modern Miracle* (Ward, Lock), is another exception to the rule, if not a very remarkable one. Certainly the underlying idea of his book, to wit that a man of science might so treat a friend as to relieve him of about 50 per cent. of his specific gravity, is distinctly ingenious. Thus relieved, the hero, whose name is Miles, performs some very remarkable feats. Naturally, for example, his high jumping is what the ignorant call phenomenal, his Rugby football play is perplexing, he can jump down from great heights with impunity, and in rescuing his love (who has been thrown overboard by a jealous lady in mid-Mediterranean) he is worth a dozen lifebuoys. There is a lot of law in the story, which turns on a forged will, and it is, although by no means a great book, quite readable. Wireless telephony, with two men of science pitted against one another at the game, gives a distinct flavour of originality.

William Black, a biography, by Sir Wemyss Reid (Cassell), is somewhat disappointing, but through no fault of the author. The fact of the matter is that Black's life was not very interesting. He came up to London from Glasgow into a situation which he kept until he had got his foot on to the bottom round of the literary ladder; he wrote one or two books of no special merit, and was convinced that his critics had a personal spite against him, which was childish. Then he published "A Daughter of Heth" anonymously, and was praised all over the country, which lent colour to his original suspicions; and then in "Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" and "A Princess of Thule"—especially, I think, in the latter—he accomplished beautiful work which will live. Of personal gossip, of quite a harmless sort, and of reminiscences of persons not more than moderately interesting or important, the book contains a fair amount. In a word, it is worth reading, but not much more, for it hardly

adds to one's enjoyment of Black's best work to know that, respectable and amiable as he was, he had some very silly weaknesses.

The Coronation Edition of the *Country Gentlemen's Estate Book*, edited and compiled by Mr. William Broomhall for the Country Gentlemen's Association, Limited, might almost be described as a country house encyclopædia of brief articles, mainly by experts, upon every conceivable subject that can possibly attract the attention of a country gentleman, and of miscellaneous information of the kind which would be useful to him. Simply glancing over the pages I find notes on the income-tax, legislation concerning cow-houses, national food supply, the choice of an agent, death duties, compensation, forms of estate accounts—very elaborate, a summary of the law relating to estates, plans for entrance lodges, gamekeepers' houses, gardeners' houses, labourers' cottages, farm-buildings and the like, discourse on lightning conductors, on charcoal burning, on the bacterial disposal of sewage, on water supply, engine power, wind power, forest entomology, transplanting large trees, the improvement of running and stagnant waters, salmon rivers, the improvement of small shoots, winter fishing, sporting ammunition, economy in farm labour, and motor-cars. Even now I have mentioned barely half of the subjects treated in a businesslike and well-informed fashion, in a useful book, which is not the less but more valuable for that it contains a directory of land agents.

Always ready to take advantage of an opportunity, Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, have decided that the recrudescence of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy makes the moment suitable for adding Bacon's works to their thin-paper series, and they even go to the length of saying that "those who are interested in the controversy will now be able to pocket the whole of the works under discussion without personal inconvenience, and ponder over cryptograms on their railway journeys." That excuse was not in the least necessary, for a new "Bacon," bound in lambskin, in one volume, which will go into the pocket, on thin but opaque paper, and with large and clear type, would be every whit as popular if Mrs. Gallup had never been heard of.

Two pretty little books come from Messrs. George Bell and Sons, with illustrations of a simple character. The first is a reprint of the *Rubaiyat* from Fitzgerald's first version, in which the pictures are from the pencil of Mr. Robert Anning Bell. And it is easy to imagine that this very convenient little edition of the famous poem will find its way into many a pocket. It makes it so easy to "come with old Khayyam and leave the lot," and "come with old Khayyam and leave the wise to talk." The second volume of the same size contains *Isabella and the Eve of St. Agnes*, with drawings again by Mr. Anning Bell, some of them drawn specially for the volume, others of them extracted from the larger edition of Keats in the "Endymion" series. This, again, is a good pocket companion.

Savage Island (John Murray) is an account by the Governor of Dartmoor Prison of a sojourn in Niue and Tonga, which, it may be worth while to mark, lie 1,000 miles N.N.E. of New Zealand and 300 miles S.S.E. of Samoa, in the loneliest spot of that part of the Pacific. It appears that Mr. Basil Thomson, who presumably founded his book, "The Diversions of a Prime Minister," upon his experiences of the island of Tonga years ago, went to this far corner of the world after the Samoan Convention of 1899, to announce to the natives that their request to come under British protection (which had been made thirteen years before) had at last been granted, and he gives a distinctly entertaining sketch of the people, illustrated by photographs, some of which are very funny. King Tongia, for example, is a quaint figure, who appears to wear a white petticoat and blouse with a black bow-tie just showing underneath the kind of beard which is described as a Newgate fringe, the whole being crowned with a policeman's helmet. But there is a serious side to this book. Mr. Basil Thomson, who claims some service under the Colonial Office, went out in an official capacity. He tells us in his preface, in connection with the death of Queen Victoria, that the oldest native in the South Seas remembers no Sovereign's name but hers, that she was a real person to them all, the lady who made them her especial care, had sent the Gospel to them, and had made them lay aside their clubs and live in peace, order, and quiet. "Vika, as they called her affectionately—Vika after whom they named their girl children—was the all-powerful chief, whose house was built upon the coral strand of Lonitoni (London), opposite the landing-place where her men-o'-war were moored stem and stern in rows before her door. She read their letters with her own eyes and had her captains to sit before her on the floor-mats while she gave them messages for the brown folk in far islands." That seems a pretty picture. But then, unfortunately, Mr. Basil Thomson thinks that protectorates are all nonsense if

not worse; and on page 41 he says so: "The word was invented by the lawyers a few years ago, when the scramble for the world began, and there are those who think that if the man who first conceived the idea had been led out quietly to a lethal chamber, the world would have been saved a great deal of worry and vexation." That may be perfectly true. But it is as clear as daylight that Mr. Basil Thomson was the last man in the world who had a right to say so. In fact, one may describe his book as amusing but indiscreet.

The Living Rulers of Mankind, by the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson (George Allen), is really distinctly well done for the most part, although it is impossible to speak in terms of high praise of the three coloured pictures which are supposed to represent the Queen of Roumania, King Edward, and Queen Alexandra. I do not know what the Queen of Roumania looks like, but the features of King Edward and of Queen Alexandra are familiar, and these pictures, to put it mildly, do not do them justice. On the other hand, the photographic reproductions throughout are good, and it is distinctly interesting to turn over the leaves and to study the features of various members of many Royal families. The letterpress—as is usual with Mr. Hutchinson—is very readable.

A HUNTER'S HEAD.

"IF I had to judge a horse by one point only," was John Scott's axiom, "I would do so by the eye," and certainly a hunter should never be bought without carefully studying his head. The famous dealer who replied to a customer's objections to a horse's head, "Well, you don't ride on 'is 'ead, or if you do you hadn't ought to do it," was wrong in theory,

though the answer may have filled its practical purpose by filling the customer with a proper sense of his own ignorance. Even if we did not know that the subject of the illustration was a good hunter—for Lady Patience is well known in the Heythrop country—we might guess as much from the head in the picture. The head is not too small, which is a virtue in a hunter, which needs brains, and must have space to put them in. The gentleness and courage of the eye, the sharp, tensely pricked ears, tell of boldness and staying power. There is a look, too, of quality and gentleness combined that might make one think that Lady Patience was that one perfect horse that each of us, so it is said, may hope to own once



LADY PATIENCE.

in a lifetime. The illustration is from an excellent painting by Mr. T. P. Earl, and is published by the kind permission of Mr. F. M. Whitehouse.

POLO NOTES.

LAST week was a very full one for polo players and for those interested in ponies. The bitter drop in the cup was the weather, which was as bad as it could well be. The wonder was that the grounds at the clubs stood the play, and on the whole cut up as little as they did. This was the case at Hurlingham, where the match between Mr. Foxhall Keene's team and the club drew together a group of well-known players and lovers of the game. The game that followed was no disappointment. Perhaps while the glamour of the excitement is with us we are all rather inclined to think that the last game is the best we have seen. There is, however, an interest in the matches in which the American players take part which is greater than any other can be. In the first place the American players are very good. The best of them, Mr. L. Waterbury, owes nothing to English training, though his thorough belief in and mastery of "team" play is due to English example and precept. All four are quite on a level with the best English players, who can, indeed, learn a great deal from watching the play of the visitors. We are naturally drawn to men who have shown such sportsman-

like spirit and enthusiasm as these have done in crossing the Atlantic. The team have not only come, but brought their ponies with them, so that we may have the pleasure of seeing a thoroughly representative American polo team and comparing their play and their ponies with our own. The team on this occasion was arranged thus: Mr. John Cowdin, Mr. M. Waterbury, Mr. Foxhall Keene, Mr. L. Waterbury. The Hurlingham team were selected and arranged by the managers as follows: Mr. P. W. Nickalls, Mr. G. A. Miller, Mr. Walter Buckmaster, Mr. Scott-Robson. There was novelty, originality, and judgment in this choice. Mr. P. W. Nickalls generally plays back, but justified his selection as a forward. Mr. Scott-Robson has always been regarded as a good No. 4, but as being handicapped both by his height and weight in a fast game. He brought back this year from Buenos Ayres a team of ponies which can carry him even in so fast a game as was played on May 8th. Everything was against the heavy-weights on Thursday week, including a soft ground, but the ponies, and notably the chestnuts he rode in the first two periods of ten minutes, were equal to the task, and when the game was over everyone felt that Mr. Scott-Robson had won the right to be numbered with the select band of No. 4's. His value as a back was proved throughout the game, but especially in the first two ten minutes. Just at the beginning the Americans pressed hard. Not the least exciting incident was the struggle at the stables end for the goal. Mr. Keene's men attacked resolutely, and in close play the handiness of their ponies gives them a distinct advantage. Mr. Scott-Robson had no choice but to hit across the goal. There would certainly have been a score for the Americans if Mr. Scott-Robson had not at length passed the ball to his forwards. Mr. G. A. Miller shot out and managed, with Mr. Buckmaster backing, to run down past the pavilion. Further than that the ball could not travel, for Mr. L. Waterbury hit a fine near-side back-hander, but the diversion was effectual, and from that time onward the Hurlingham team quite held their own. True, Mr. Foxhall Keene made a goal, the first of the match, and his quick team, being sharp beginners, nearly snatched another after the change of goals.

The game, however, was now very even, the ball being driven from end to end of the ground. The defence on both sides was strong and effective, and time after time a score was saved by but a few inches. Mr. L. Waterbury's powerful hitting when the ball had to be taken out was most serviceable to his side. I think the Americans nearly always went further away from goal after a hit out than our men did. Then as time went on the American team began to give way a little. Clearly their combination was not so good as it had been on the Saturday before. Then we could see that although their ponies were handier than ours (they had at Ranelagh been turning inside ours), yet now we could beat them for pace. When Mr. Buckmaster at last came out by himself, no one could catch him, ride as they would; and unhindered he scored a goal in three hits, as fine and skillful as ever he has shown us. Our ponies were galloping the others down, and goals mounted up rapidly to the Hurlingham Club, till their score stood at 5. In the meantime, a change took place in the American team. Mr. Foxhall Keene, who has hardly even yet recovered entirely from his hunting accident, retired, and for the latter part of the game Messrs. Cowdin, M. Waterbury, L. Waterbury, and R. L. Agassiz played in the order named. This proved a very effective combination, and the team added two more goals to their score, making in the end a victory for Hurlingham by 5 goals to 3. This game seems to point to an eventual, but by no means easy, victory for the English team. The least thing might alter the result, so little difference is there between the Americans and our best teams. But still, with good forwards—and Mr. Nickalls and Mr. George Miller played well—and galloping ponies ours proved the faster team, and were stronger when it came to hustling. The Americans are certainly quicker on the ball, and have more strokes than we. Whatever the result of the Cup matches, this visit cannot fail to have an effect on English play. As regards the ponies, Mr. Buckmaster had Mulatto, Patricia, and two new short-tailed handy ponies, with Old Bendigo to fall back upon at a pinch. It may serve to indicate to observers of polo not present on the occasion how hard a but the Americans were to crack that Bendigo was pulled out twice. Mr. George Miller, too, had two tens on W. K., a marvellously quick, handy pony. The rest of his team included some beautiful ponies new to me—Orchid, Ophir, and Grizette. Mr. P. W. Nickalls played the grey I noted last week, a bay, and a chestnut, which both did well last season. Mr. Scott-Robson trusted to Argentines. How they justified his confidence I have narrated already.

For once the weather did us a good turn, for while on Saturday we were watching the polo through the rain at Ranelagh, it was decided to put off the final of the trial tournament till last week. This enabled us to see the match, which proved a close one. The two teams left in were—B: Sir H. Fairfax Lucy, Lord Harrington, Mr. N. Baring, and Mr. Scott-Robson; and C: Mr. Bernard Wilson, Mr. Leslie Wilson, Captain H. Wilson, and Mr. F. Menzies. The sides proved to have been handicapped with the utmost accuracy. Most of the players are well known, but Sir H. Fairfax Lucy is a recruit to London polo. Mr. F. Menzies has been playing in California with Mr. T. Drybrough. All the players know the game well, and a distinctly interesting struggle on a quick ground was the result. The scores were even till the fifth ten minutes, and it was difficult to say which of the two sides was the stronger. But Mr. Scott-Robson, as we have already noted, is playing very well this season, and his defence enabled his team to win by a single goal. Next, however, in interest to the match at Hurlingham comes the game at Roehampton between a club team and the Old Cantabs. The latter side was arranged as follows: Mr. W. McCreery, Mr. F. Hargreaves, Mr. W. Buckmaster, and Mr. C. D. Miller; against Mr. W. Jones, Lord Shrewsbury, Mr. G. A. Miller, and Captain D. St. G. Daly. The former team were doubtless put together in order to give Mr. Miller and Mr. Buckmaster a chance of playing together. It is probable that they will be three and four in the Cup match. No two first-class players have ever been less often

together. The Old Cantabs on this occasion were not very strong as a team, though, of course, individually they are good. Roehampton, on the contrary, played a capital combined game in good Rugby style, and I should be tempted to say, with possibly one alteration, are good enough to represent the club in the Champion Cup, for which no doubt Mr. Charles Miller will enter a team on behalf of the club. Lord Shrewsbury is throwing himself heartily into the success of Roehampton, and is, besides, in great form at polo this season. The coach started last week to run to Roehampton. I am told by one who knows that "The Reynard" will leave the Hotel Victoria at 2 p.m. and the club at 7 p.m. Could anything be more delightful when once the sun shines again, as no doubt it will do some day?

If we turn aside from the great London clubs, we shall find that county polo flourishes greatly this year. The Bedfordshire Club held the first match of the season on Thursday. The ground is a very good one, being very level. Great pains have been taken with the turf. The sides have rather high boards, following in this respect the example of Ranelagh on their new ground. The match was St. Neots (Messrs. W. A. Fordham, G. Evans, H. Harrison, and A. Jordan) against Kempston Hoo (Captain W. H. Lambton, Mr. Barnard, Mr. P. A. O. Whitaker, and Mr. W. Barnett). With a strong No. 4 and Captain Lambton's dash as No. 2 the latter team were strong enough to win by 7 goals to 3. But they had to gallop to do this. In Ireland the New County Dublin Club had on Friday a match, Army and Navy v. Civilians. Prince Henry of Prussia, who, ever since his visit to the Hong Kong polo ground, has been very keen for the game, played back for the Army. The Civilians, however, were too strong for the United Services. The Duke of Connaught, with the Duchess and his daughters, was an interested spectator of the game.

The council of the Polo Pony Society, which has almost of necessity enlarged its scope of action, has considered the question of altering the name of this society so as to indicate more clearly its aims. The society wishes to encourage polo ponies, our invaluable native breeds of mountain and moorland ponies, and cobs for military purposes. The council decided by a large majority to recommend to the general meeting that the society be called in future the Polo and Riding Pony Society. All riding ponies are not polo ponies, but the nearer they approach that type the better and more saleable they are; therefore the society retains that name in the forefront of its title.

Mr. Josiah Newman, of Saltford, near Bristol, has sent me a magnificent volume which he has entitled "The International Polo Guide for the Coronation Year." The object of the book is "to bring the polo players of the world into closer touch with each other." The contents consist of a valuable introduction containing most interesting statistics of the game. Accounts of the various clubs of the world are given, which are in the main correct, so far as I have tested them, except that in the case of the Ranelagh Club I have good reason for knowing that Mr. T. F. Dale was assistant manager to Mr. Moray at the start, and afterwards secretary and polo manager for a season. But in so large a work there must be slips, and the wonder is that they are so few. The printing and illustrations are beautifully executed, and it is a work as timely as it is interesting and instructive to polo players and pony breeders.

I have just heard that Mr. Eugene Wells has consented to remain as Master of the Suffolk Hunt for at least another season. X.

A GREAT FRIEND OF THOROUGH-BREDS.

BY the death of Captain Machell the Turf loses one who has held for forty years a prominent position both as an owner of race-horses and as an adviser of others.

His career in the Army was not of long duration, but he succeeded in establishing for himself a great reputation both as a horseman and as an all-round athlete. Probably the most sensational episode in his Turf career was the victory of Mr. Chaplin's Hermit in the Derby of 1867, he having been bought by auction for £1,000 on Captain Machell's advice, and trained under his management. Over this race he netted a very large stake. As with all owners, he had times of bad luck as well as good, but his losses were borne with imperturbable good humour. Captain Machell's colours were in front altogether in 540 races, of the aggregate value of £110,010, but of the victories of horses which ran in other colours but under the advice and superintendence of "the Captain," across country as well as on the flat, it would be impossible to compile a record. For several years his health has shown signs of giving way, and at the Newmarket December Sales it was a sad thing to see him sitting in his brougham at the ring-side a shadow of his former self. He passed away on Sunday night at Hastings, after a long and painful illness, and will leave a void in racing circles which will be felt for many a long day. He was a thorough Yorkshireman, whose knowledge of horses was almost as instinctive as his love for them. Of late years, owing to failing health, he raced little, but he loved the Turf to the last.



W. A. Rouch.

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CAPTAIN MACHELL.

A VETERAN SPORTSMAN.

FOR those who cannot afford to keep hunters there is no better form of sport, nor one which gives a greater chance of obtaining splendid exercise in the open-air, than foot-beagling. To watch the pack of miniature hounds working out the line of a crafty old hare and overcoming all the difficult problems set them by an animal whose intelligence in covering her tracks is only equalled by that of a wild stag, is indeed a pleasure, and ought to be an unanswerable argument to those who deny that the lower animals have any reasoning power. Followers of these small hounds will hear with deep regret of the death of one of the oldest and most-respected of foot-beaglers. Captain Davis, familiarly known as the "Old Skipper," was secretary and treasurer of the Clifton Foot-Beagles Hunt, and his place will be hard to fill. Well known and liked by all its members, he took the keenest possible interest in all matters connected with the welfare and prosperity of the hunt. We have great pleasure, therefore, in reproducing a highly characteristic photograph of this fine sportsman, surrounded by the pack he loved so well. The appearance of the hounds speaks volumes for the care and attention he devoted to them.



C. A. Brightman.

THE LATE CAPTAIN DAVIS.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HOLY SHROUD AT TURIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As you say, many of your readers may not see the *Times*. You will not resent, therefore, my pointing out that Father Thurston, S.J., of Farm Street, has since written that the "Holy Shroud of Turin," which, apparently, was not itself examined by Dr. Vignon, but only photographs of it, has been declared spurious by several Catholic authorities, including a Pope, Clement VII., who says, "This is not the real winding-sheet of our Lord, and this ought to be proclaimed with a loud voice," and the bishops of the diocese, who assert that "it can be shown to be the work of man, and in no way miraculous, by the artist who painted it," and accuse the Chapter of fraud in the matter. The question has been recently investigated by the Abbé Chevalier, who came to the same conclusion. What seems to be proved, therefore, is the old story merely—how prone men are to accept anything which savours of the wonderful. The most perfect photograph would hardly be a "speaking likeness," after the lapse of 1800 years. Nor can one believe that such would ever have been produced in the manner suggested.—PHILIP J. DEAN, 25, Warrenden Park Terrace, Edinburgh.

THE BLUE GUM TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A general opinion exists that quick-growing timber is, of necessity, very soft and useless. This, however, is not the case with the blue gum tree in that land of contradictions—Australia. The blue gum is one of the tallest of trees, often attaining a height of 300ft., and it is altogether unrivalled in the swiftness of its growth, having been known to grow 90ft. in ten years, which would equal the development of the oak in a century. With this mushroom-like growth the blue gum is one of the hardest and most durable of woods, rivalling teak in this respect. It seldom bears branches until the trunk is 100ft. high, and planks 160ft. in length have been cut from it. It is a most difficult wood to burn, so is particularly well suited for house-building purposes. It is surprising that efforts have never been made to introduce it largely into this country. Scotland appears to have taken more pains about the introduction of the blue gum (*Eucalyptus globulus*) than either England or Ireland, which should be better suited to its growth. Fairly successful have been the experiments made in the Island of Arran and Argyllshire. Possessing such valuable medicinal qualities it is strange that the eucalyptus is not more grown. It has succeeded splendidly in the South of France and in Algeria.—T. B.

HOUSEWIVES AND SHOPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I hope you will allow me space to protest against the deterioration of our women in a very important particular—it is suggested by the notice of a new departure among the North Country ironmongers. They keep "marmalade machines" for hire, and let them out to such housewives as care to take advantage of the cheapness of oranges to make their own marmalade. It seems to me that the consumption of so much factory-made jam is a disgrace to the modern woman. For the poorer classes it is most uneconomical. No doubt if they purchased the best fruit—say, strawberries, currants, and gooseberries—they could not make the jam so cheaply as they can buy it in the shops. But the manufacturers could not do so either. They are in the habit of buying

harmless (let us hope) and tasteless pulpy stuff, and using it as a foundation. When apples are cheap, apples are the basis of strawberry jam, and are openly purchased at the orchards for the purpose. Vegetable marrow quite as often serves the same purpose. Now if a cottager were to make the same mixture—viz., much vegetable marrow and a little strawberry—and call it as the grocers do strawberry jam, it could be done very cheaply indeed. That there is nothing much cheaper than vegetable marrow is the only guarantee against the use of a more noxious adulterant. Even those who are not compelled so assiduously to study their outlay would do far better to make their own jam—all who are in the slightest degree fastidious would at least have it made under their personal supervision. They may then pick the choice of the fruit for the purpose, and have it made with a scrupulous cleanliness not to be expected in a factory. You say, perhaps, that it is hopeless to expect this from the modern woman. She plays ping-pong, and motors and cycles, and does a hundred useless things, but for her to emulate the woman of an earlier generation, be a good housewife, study cookery, and live for part of the day in the kitchen and the still-room—that you say is what she will never do again. The townsman at least may say there is no need of her learning to cook as long as there are restaurants to dine in; much in the same spirit as that of the mechanic's wife, who solves her culinary difficulty with a tin of cooked meat. But these are the depravities of town; in the country one hopes that there are still women who take a wholesomer view of the duties of life, and if their homes are really to be homes for their children, and they hold the highest of all ideals, that of perfect motherhood, they will keep to the ancient ways. At least, so thinks—QUINCE.

PRESERVING EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am frequently asked for a trustworthy recipe for the preservation of eggs. Nearly all poultry-keepers have had the same experience. During the late spring and early summer months hens produce eggs in great abundance, but at that season prices fall so low as to be unremunerative, whereas during winter comparatively few eggs are laid and the price goes up. Formerly this used to be accepted with fatalism as a law of economics against which it would be idle to rebel, but within the last few years it has become far from unusual to preserve summer eggs for winter use. In England the commonest plan, and one that personally I have found to answer, has been to fill a crock with lime freshly slaked and about the consistency of cream. Seven or eight dozen go in a crock. This is a very simple and effective plan, and in carrying it out two points only require close attention. One is to have the eggs perfectly clean, and another to use only newly laid ones. A barren egg will preserve after being kept for some days, but a fertile egg in which the chick has been only to a slight degree developed by incubation soon begins to decompose. Eggs treated in this way in July have been found excellent for cooking purposes in the following May and June, though they do not poach well because the yolk-sack breaks. Several other methods are in use, and experiments with them have been made in Rhode Island, and the results published recently. The materials of which trial was made were as follows: Water-glass (a silicate of soda and a commercial product), dry table salt, slaked lime, vaseline, dry wood ashes, finely-powdered gypsum (sulphate of lime), powdered sulphur, permanganate of potash, salicylic acid, and salt brine. The object in every case is the same, viz., either to destroy or ward off the germs of decay. Where there is cold-storage apparatus the end can easily be accomplished by that means. For the purpose of the experiments fresh eggs, newly gathered and carefully handled, were used. If the preservative took the form of a powder the eggs were clean, dry, and unwashed; if it was a liquid they were washed in clean water. Stone jars about 6½ in. in diameter and 7 in. in height were employed to hold the eggs. These jars were left undisturbed on the floor of a cellar where the summer temperature ranged from 62deg. to 67deg. Fahr. The result was to show that a mixture of slaked lime and salt water was an effective and inexpensive preservative. A pound of quick lime and half a pound of table salt were mixed with four quarts of boiled water, the clear solution being drawn off after slaking and settling. A score of Leghorn eggs were washed clean and placed in a jar on May 18th, and the solution of lime and salt was poured over them till they were completely covered. On May 30th of the following year the jar was opened and they were taken out, when all the eggs proved to be good. When it was desired to keep eggs for

a few weeks only, the smearing of eggs with vaseline or any other greasy substance was found to be effective. Some English poultry-keepers do practically the same thing when they wrap the eggs in butter-maker's paper. Packing in water-glass is very highly commended. You may obtain the material from any druggist at about half-a-crown a gallon. That employed at Rhode Island was of a specific gravity of 1.12, and was diluted with water to a 10 per cent. solution; that is, to nine pints of boiled water you add one pint of water-glass. But it was found that the solution could be reduced as low as 3 per cent., and yet retain its preservative virtue. It can also be used repeatedly. The cost works out to about one-third of a penny on every dozen eggs, and there would also be the initial outlay for the jars. Water-glass for preserving eggs has long been commonly used in Holland. The only practical objection we ever heard urged against it is that it makes the shells so hard, you require to have a small hammer at the breakfast-table.—G.

HYBRID DOG-FOX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The interesting photograph of the hybrid dog-fox in last week's COUNTRY LIFE made me look up in my collection of sporting prints a similar picture, which was published in one of the sporting magazines of the day some seventy-eight years back. It is called a "Portrait of a Cross of the Dog and Fox, in the possession of Lord Cranley," and I send it you in case you think it of sufficient interest to publish.—W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.



COCKFIGHT IN INDIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Hickson's letter which appeared in your paper of May 10th, under the title of "Cockfight in India," I should be most grateful to Mr. Hickson or any of your readers if he or they would inform me where I might obtain a coloured print of the picture referred to. The history of the picture shortly is as follows: Colonel Mordaunt, who was a keen cocker, hearing that the Indian game-cock was a bolder and stronger bird than the English game-cock, determined to prove the assertion, and to that intent went to India with his cocks to try conclusions with the Indian bird, and, greatly to his sorrow, had to witness their defeat by the birds belonging to various Rajahs. The picture represents one of the mains taking place.—H. MORDAUNT.

MISTLETOE IN BUSHEY PARK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Though we are only familiar with one variety of mistletoe (for only one sort, *Viscum album*, grows in this country), there are some four hundred known species growing in various parts of the world. Contrary to the common belief, it rarely grows on oaks. The Druids observed that mistletoe rarely grew on oak trees, and when they discovered it so growing they regarded that particular oak as holy and worthy of sacrifices; hence the custom of sacrificing at oaks. There is probably good ground for this ancient tradition as to oak and mistletoe in connection with the subject of Druidic rites. The mistletoe affects mostly the apple and other trees botanically allied to it, and it seems to flourish on limes, judging from the illustration taken in Bushey Park near the gate at Hampton, close to the Thames. Though mistletoe is such a general favourite, it is, as all know, a parasite, living on and deriving all its nourishment from its host, not an



uncommon thing in the animal as well as in the vegetable kingdom, and, unfortunately, a "growing" habit somewhat common even in polite society. In the Royal Horticultural Society's Journal just issued, under the head of "Notes on Recent Research," we are told that the germination of mistletoe seeds kills the branches of certain pear and other trees on which it grows, but many pears are immune; the bark in the case of the pear branch is killed and contracted to a distance of some inches from the point of inoculation. Naturally the death of the mistletoe follows quickly on the death of its host. The note in the Royal Horticultural Society's Journal also explains that the toxine or poisonous substance is most abundant in the embryo of the mistletoe seed, and becomes diffused into the pulp of the berry during germination. Mistletoe last season was imported in such quantities from abroad that quite large bundles were hawked in the streets of London for a few pence. Accidents are frequent to the gatherers or purloiners of mistletoe. Some few years since a man fell from a tree in the neighbourhood depicted in the illustration and broke his neck.—E. D. T.

PLANTS FOR PERGOLAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you will kindly give me a list of plants for a pergola I am making. I am laying out a small pleasure garden, and this is to be one of the features. I am very anxious to have good, strong-growing plants, nothing delicate or rare. I have visited several gardens to get the names of plants upon the pergolas there, but there has always seemed too little variety. The garden is sheltered, soil fairly good loam, and warm, county Worcestershire.—H. SLATER.

[Many climbers are available for the pergola. Place faith in the strong-growing climbing roses, Dundee Rambler, Gloire de Dijon, William Allen Richardson, The Garland, Crimson Rambler, the Penzance Briars, such as Meg Merrillees and Anne of Gierstein, Alister Stella Gray, Moschata nivea, Carmine Pillar, Bardou Job, Paul's Single White, Electra, Multiflora grandiflora, Bennett's Seedling, the old Rosa alba, Félicité Perpetue, Madame Alfred Carrière, Reve d'Or, Aimée Vibert, Celine Forestier, Madame Berard, and Bouquet d'Or. There are others, but these will be as satisfactory as any. As you do not state the length of the pergola, the quantity of roses to be planted will depend upon the space available. A good half-dozen would be Gloire de Dijon, Carmine Pillar, Félicité Perpetue, Reve d'Or, Aimée Vibert, and W. A. Richardson. The vines are very beautiful on a pergola, choosing the homely Sweet-water and the glorious Japanese Vitis Thunbergi, which has beautiful autumn colouring. V. Coignetiae dies off a rusty brown, and is not striking in September and October. Another good pergola climber is Aristolochia Siphon, which has wonderful foliage, broad and abundant; also the common Wistaria sinensis, honeysuckle, jasmine, and the clematises, C. paniculata, the glorious montana, now a mass of white, C. graveolens, C. Jackmani, and the big flat-flowered varieties. If the situation is very warm, you might try Solanum jasminoides, but it is more suitable for Devonshire and Cornwall, where it mounts to the cottage chimney-stacks, as the Gloire de Dijon rose does in more northerly gardens. We should think it possible, with extreme care, to plant all these things from pots now, but of course the expense will be greater than if you were to wait until next autumn and plant in the usual way. We would prefer to rely upon plenty of annuals this year. Sow seed in abundance of the Japanese hop and its variegated variety. This grows with great rapidity and would make a good show for the present year, but is of no permanent value whatever.—ED.]

ST. PIERRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the appalling disaster that has overtaken the town and people of St. Pierre in Martinique, it may perhaps interest some of your readers to hear that in 1892, when I visited the island, the town was even then showing evidences of the destructive effects of a hurricane in the previous year. The cathedral had just been rebuilt, but the majority of the houses had not yet been reeroofed after the violence of the storm had taken the roofs from off them. A photograph which I took of the town at that time shows most of them without their roofs. I may perhaps be allowed to give you the following brief extract from my diary: "We arrived at Martinique 1 p.m. The town was nearly destroyed by a hurricane six months ago, when the houses were blown down and about a thousand lives lost. Much amused at watching the niggers dive for pennies from small wooden canoes. The negroes were much smarter than those in Barbadoes, very grand handkerchiefs round their necks, chiefly scarlet, coloured turbans, surmounted by large flat straw hats." Poor people, with all their innocent love of bright colours and finery, submerged in that fearful storm of "fiery hail." A temperate climate, even such as ours, has its advantages.—D. M. H.